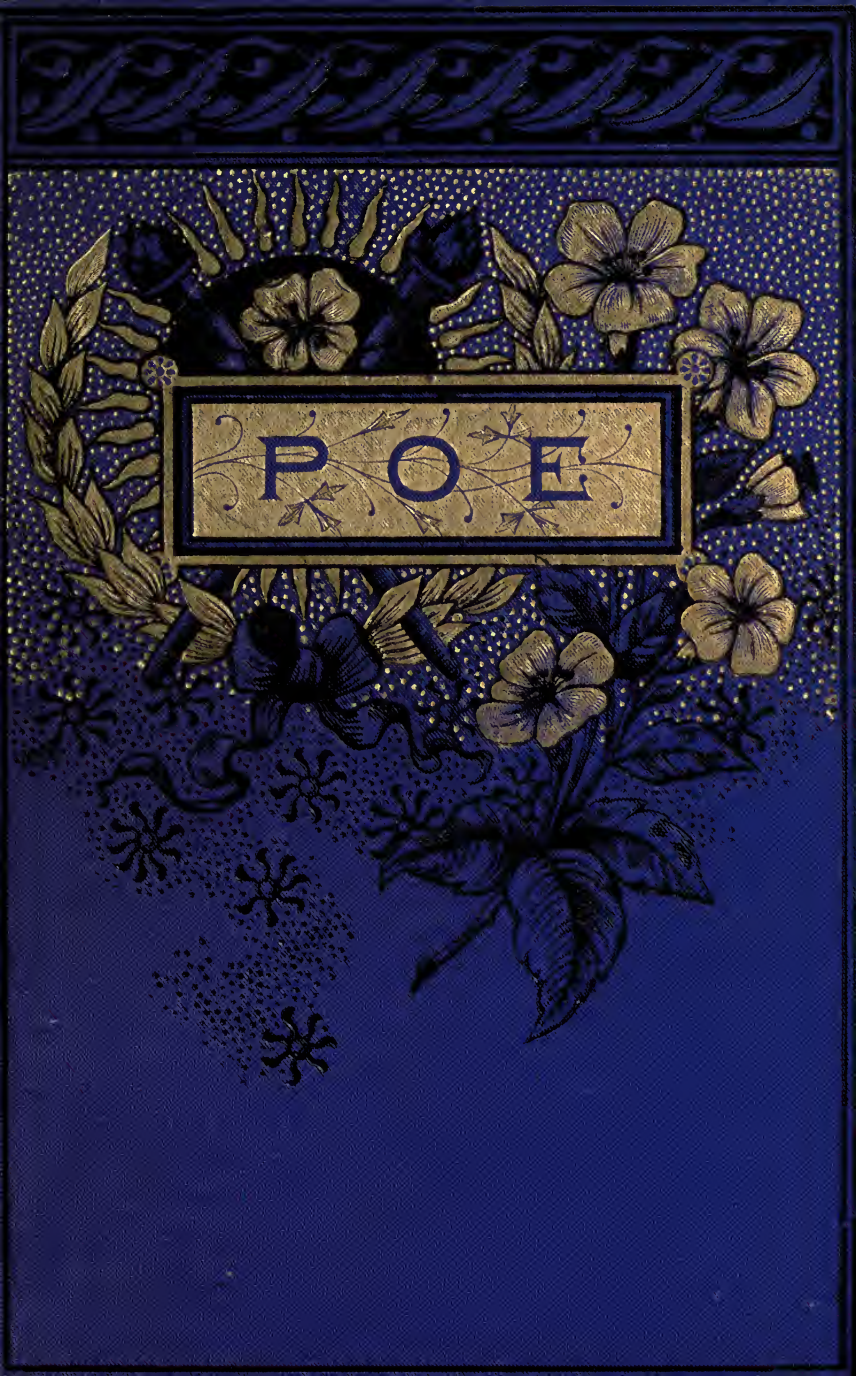


The image shows a decorative book cover with a dark blue background. At the top is a horizontal band with a repeating wave-like pattern. Below this is a large rectangular area with a gold-colored background, featuring a sunburst motif at the top and a central rectangular frame containing the word "POE" in blue capital letters. The cover is adorned with various floral and leaf patterns in gold and blue. The word "POE" is centered within a gold rectangular frame, which is itself set against a larger gold rectangular background. The letters "P", "O", and "E" are in a blue, serif font. The background of the cover is dark blue, with a gold-colored sunburst motif at the top and a large, stylized floral arrangement in the center. The floral arrangement includes several large, five-petaled flowers in gold and blue, with green leaves and stems. The overall design is ornate and classic, typical of late 19th-century bookbinding.

POE

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Edgar & Co

POEMS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE,

INCLUDING SOME POEMS
NOT HITHERTO INTRODUCED IN HIS WORKS



TO WHICH IS ADDED
A FULL AND IMPARTIAL

→ MEMOIR ÷ OF ÷ THE ÷ POET, ←

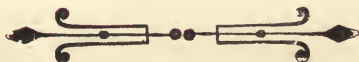
With Original Notes and Explanatory Remarks to the Poems.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
HURST & CO., PUBLISHERS,
NO. 122 NASSAU STREET.



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ARGYLE PRESS,
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24 & 26 WOOSTER ST., N. Y.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Biographical Data.....	5
Memoir of Edgar Allan Poe.....	11
The Raven.....	53
Lenore.....	62
The Bell.....	65
Annabel Lee.....	70
Ulalume.....	73
The Coliseum.....	78
To Helen.....	80
To ———.....	82
A Valentine.....	85
To My Mother.....	86
A Hymn.....	87
An Enigma.....	88
The Haunted Palace.....	89
The Conqueror Worm.....	92
To One in Paradise.....	94
To F.—S. S. O.—D.....	96
The City in the Sea.....	97
Silence.....	100
The Sleeper.....	101
The Valley of Unrest.....	104
A Dream within a Dream.....	106
Dreamland.....	107
To Zante.....	110
Eulalie.....	111
Eldorado.....	113
Israfel.....	115

	PAGE.
For Annie.....	118
To F ——.....	123
Bridal Ballad.....	124
To ——.....	126
Scenes from "Politian".....	128

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Sonnet.—To Science.....	150
Al Aaraaf.....	151
To the River——.....	170
Tamerlane.....	171
Fairy-land.....	180
To L. M. S.——.....	182
Romance.....	183
To ——.....	184
A Dream.....	185
The Lake.—To ——.....	187
Song.....	188
Hymn in Honor of Harmodius and Aristogeiton.....	189
Introductory Preface.....	191
The Happiest Day.....	193
Lines Written in an Album.....	193



BIOGRAPHICAL DATA.

- January 19, 1809. Born at Boston, Massachusetts.
December 8, 1811. His mother died at Richmond, Virginia.
“ [Edgar Poe adopted by Mr. John Allan.]
1816. Brought to Europe, and placed at school in
Stoke Newington.
1821. Returns to the United States.
1822. Placed at school in Richmond, Virginia.
February 1, 1826. Enters University of Virginia.
[Signs matriculation book, 14th February
1836.]
December 15, 1826. Leaves University of Virginia.
1827. “Tamerlane and Other Poems” printed at
Boston.
June? 1827. Departs for Europe.
March, 1829. Returns to Richmond, Virginia.
“ Publishes “Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and
Minor Poems,” at Baltimore.
July 1, 1830. Admitted as cadet to West Point Military
Academy.
March 6, 1831. Dismissed the Military Academy.
“ “ Publishes “Poems,” New York.
Autumn, 1833. Gains prize from *Saturday Visitor* (Bal-
timore).
December, 1835. Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*
(Richmond, Virginia).
May 16, 1836. Married to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, at
Richmond. [Virginia C. born August
13th, 1822.]

- January, 1837. Resigns editorship of *Southern Literary Messenger*.
- 1837-8. Resides in New York.
- July, 1838. "Arthur Gordon Pym" published, New York and London.
- Autumn, 1838. Removes to Philadelphia.
- July, 1839. Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Philadelphia.
1840. "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" published, Philadelphia.
1840. "The Conchologist's First Book" published, Philadelphia.
- June, " Resigns editorship of *Gentleman's Magazine*.
- January, 1841. Editor of *Graham's Magazine*, Philadelphia.
- April, 1842. Resigns editorship of *Graham's Magazine*.
- Spring, 1843. Gains \$100 prize for "The Gold Bug."
- Autumn, 1844. Sub-editor of the *Evening Mirror*, New York.
- January 29, 1845. "The Raven" published in the *Evening Mirror*.
- February 28, 1845. Lectures in New York Historical Society's room.
- March 8, " Joint-editor of the *Broadway Journal*.
- July, " "Tales" published, New York and London.
- " " Sole-editor of the *Broadway Journal*.
- November 1, " Proprietor of *Broadway Journal*.
- " " "The Raven and Other Poems" published, New York and London.
- Winter, " Lectures at Boston Lyceum.
- December, " *Broadway Journal* dispensed c^t.
- February, 1846. "The Literati" begun in Godey's *Lady's Book*.
- June 23, " *Evening Mirror* publishes libel.
- " 28, " "Reply" to libel in Philadelphia *Saturday Gazette*.
- Summer " Removes to Fordham.
- January 30, 1847. His wife dies.
- February 17, " Gains libel suit against *Evening Mirror*.

- February 5, 1848. Lectures in New York Historical Society's
room.
- Summer, " "Eureka" published, New York.
- " " Richmond, Virginia, revisited.
- " " Lectures at Lowell, Mass., and Providence,
R. I.
- October, " Betrothed to Mrs. Whitman.
- December, " Engagement with Mrs. Whitman broken off.
- June 30, 1849. Departs for the South.
- Autumn, " In Richmond and neighbourhood.
- October 7, " Dies at Baltimore, Maryland.
- November 17, 1875. Monument Inaugurated, Baltimore.





MEMOIR

OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

NAPOLEON, when a flattering courtier sought to prove that the Corsican was descended from some great mediæval ancestor, tersely rebuked the sycophant by saying, "I am the Rudolph of my race." Poe's ill-judging friends might have spared themselves much useless labor if they had been satisfied with giving us the particulars of his life, and left the shadowy forms of his ancestry to float in the dim, hazy atmosphere of the seas of Morven. Nothing reliable is known of his ancestors till his paternal grandfather, David Poe, arrived in America while very young, in the company of his parents. This gentleman grew up an ardent lover of his adopted country, and was a prominent figure in many of the memorable affairs leading to, and

forming part of the struggles and sacrifices for Independence. He was much esteemed for his ability and probity, and attained the rank of General. His son David, the father of Edgar, received an excellent education in the private schools of the city of Baltimore. Here we may remark, in passing, that the schools of that day—whatever may have been their shortcomings in other respects—fulfilled the leading purpose of all educational institutions; they formed good scholars. After leaving school David was placed with Mr. William Gwynn to study law. He had, however, no desire to be enrolled among the disciples of Marshal and Story, but had a strong desire to emulate the labors and share the laurels of Garrick and Macklin. He was a leading spirit in an Amateur Company, and clandestinely left Baltimore for Charleston, where he was about to make his appearance as an actor. His uncle, William Poe, however, induced him to relinquish his design, and placed him in the law office of the Honorable John Forsyth of Augusta, Georgia. This gentleman was related to the Poes by marriage. Rumor was not disposed to credit this somewhat tame account of young David's reason for going to Charleston. It was generally believed that the young devotee of the Drama had seen and fallen in love with a very fair and very clever young lady, Miss Elizabeth Arnold. Attempts appear to have been made by David Poe's relatives to interfere in this little love affair, and with the

usual result. The lovers were married. The lady and her husband had at the time of their bridal attained the ripe age of nineteen. Angry at what they deemed a rash and foolish union, the bridegroom's parents refused to countenance it. Thus thrown upon their own resources, the young people determined to look to the stage for support. Elizabeth Arnold, now Mrs. David Poe, was born at sea, of English parents, who belonged to respectable families in their native country. There was not a scintilla of evidence to support the ridiculous story once set afloat, that she was related to the traitor Benedict Arnold.

Edgar Poe's mother was quite handsome, and evinced considerable ability both as a vocalist and an actress. His father never attained any eminence upon the stage, but had varied and reliable qualities. Mrs. David Poe appears to have had an excellent education, and some good paintings executed by her are still extant. But little is known of the pecuniary results of their dramatic efforts during the years following their marriage; but as the lady played such leading characters as *Ophelia* and *Cordelia*, and the husband performed mostly in secondary roles, their emoluments, even in those times, must have been considerable. It has been noted as a singular circumstance, by those inclined to note parental influences, that on an evening just nine months before Mrs. Poe gave birth to her gifted (and seemingly predestined to grief)

son, she appeared in the gloomy "Robbers," under unusually trying and depressing surroundings.

Edgar Poe was born in Boston, Mass., on the 19th of January, 1809. He was the second child, the first being William Henry, and the third Rosalie.

When the terrible tragedy of the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre occurred in the year 1811, Edgar's mother and father were performing in that house. Both fortunately escaped, only to die very soon thereafter by early, but quite natural deaths.

Even when still a mere infant, Edgar Poe appears to have been gifted with more than usual beauty, and had a pleasing disposition, as he won the liking of his grandfather's folks; for by this time, thanks to his mother's attractive qualities and excellent character, the disinherited David had been forgiven his disobedient act in marrying so young.

Edgar remained with his mother until her death. Prior to which a wealthy merchant, Mr. John Allan, a Scotchman by birth, but a Virginian by choice, adopted the boy. Hence, for many years, he went by the name of Edgar Allan. Mr. Allan, besides being exceedingly wealthy, was married to a beautiful, accomplished and most affectionate lady. But the worthy pair were childless. It was given out, and generally believed, that Edgar Allan

would be the sole heir to the worthy people who had so kindly adopted him.

Edgar, at a very early period, displayed unusual precocity. Even before he could read well, he could memorize, and declaim choice passages from the English dramatists and other poets, with fiery energy and good expression. Add to this, that his manners were refined and his disposition kindly. Although such displays must have been pleasing to this child of genius, and gratifying to those who had adopted him, yet they were sowing seeds that afterwards blossomed into poisonous flowers, mental henbane and nightshade. When his excitable nature and fervid impulses should have been calmed and repressed, they were inordinately excited and fired by injudicious and probably extravagant eulogies.

He was kept at the best schools in Richmond, until 1816, when he went with Mr. and Mrs. Allan to Great Britain. His adoptive parents resided in London, while Edgar was placed at a school in Stoke Newington, then an adjacent parish—now a part of London, the mighty metropolis. The master of this school, Dr. Bransby, was a fair scholar, and, as was the custom of that period, a stern disciplinarian. When Poe retired from this school he was credited with being a fair French and Latin scholar, and having an unusually good acquaintance with general literature. Dr. Bransby, speaking of Poe in after years, says he was “a

quick and clever boy," but, poor fellow, his parents spoiled him by giving him an extravagant allowance of pocket money, which enabled him to get into all manner of mischief. The peculiar appearance of the school itself, a sombre old manor house, and its gloomy surroundings, no doubt had a great influence on Poe's morbidly sensitive mind—one capacious of harboring and brooding over the gloomy and the wierd. Some five years of Poe's short life were spent in this venerable academy, almost morose in its seclusion, environed as the grounds were by a high and solid brick wall, topped with a layer of mortar and broken glass. At an angle of this ponderous wall, frowned a more ponderous gate, rivetted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with iron spikes. These particulars of his school-house were indelibly fixed in the future poet's exceptive soul, and with many others were introduced by him in his stories. Poe's school recollections, taken altogether, do not appear unpleasant, and he doubtless derived much of that extraordinary mastery of detail, which afterwards displayed itself in his most popular and peculiar productions, by the strict methodical manner and method of the old English school pedagogues.

In the year 1821, the boy came back to his native land, and after a few months of not unprofitable idling—for he was already mapping out future poems—he was sent to a school in Richmond. Here the Allans had resumed their abode. Here,

too, for some unexplained reason, he was again known as Edgar A. Poe. According to the recollections of his school-fellows, the youth—now in his fifteenth year—attracted notice among his companions by his athletic performances. Proving himself a wonderful runner, leaper and swimmer. Indeed, some of his recorded feats excel those of “champions” of the present age, when great attention is given to such exercises. But it was not only by his excellence in bodily exercises that Poe was rendered famous. As a Latinist he was only second in the large academy, and in general learning he was easily first. Even at this early period of his life he displayed great excellence in the metrical formation of verses. At this time, too, a lady of the finest culture to whom one of Poe’s friends had shown some of his poetry, praised it very highly. The gentleman who gives these recollections of Poe’s school-days, also suggests that the poet’s morbid sensitiveness may have been increased, if not engendered, by the circumstance that in those days the society—the so-called upper classes—was at that time permeated with an aristocratic feeling, in which the pride of birth was a prominent element. Now boys catch this feeling very quickly, and display it in an exaggerated form, so that very often Edgar’s proficiency as a scholar and his skill as an athlete were rather acknowledged grudgingly than yielded freely. As Poe was looked down upon as being the orphan child of an actress, and

the protege of a business man. Both professions being looked down upon with a kind of dignified contempt by the sons of the landed gentry. With many boys the ill-concealed slights of these thoughtless lads would only have been food for a hearty laugh—from others, more passionate, would have been repaid with a smart blow; but Edgar, evidently, let the slight but poisoned wounds fester and gall him with their venom. His own description of his disposition before he had received much unkindness from the world, he has himself furnished us with. “My own tenderness of heart was so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of my character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasions to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere man.” With all this gentleness and kindheartedness, there was nothing girlish in his feelings; for about this time it

was that he started with a companion, Robert Mayo, Jr., in his "celebrated swim from Richmond to Warwick Bar, six miles down James River. The day was oppressively hot," continues Mayo, "and I concluded rather than continue the infliction to stop at Tree Hill, three miles from town. Poe, however, braved the sun, and kept on, reaching the goal, but emerging from the water with neck, face, and back blistered." This feat, however, being doubted, Robert G. Cabel, afterwards not only attested its truthfulness, but added, as of his own knowledge, that Mr. Poe did not seem at all fatigued, and *walked* back to Richmond immediately after the feat."

A schoolmate of Edgar A. Poe, Mr. Andrew Johnston, says that in 1823 he went to a school, then taught by a Mr. William Burke, and there he met with Edgar A. Poe. The too be famous poet was "then a much more advanced pupil than any of us; but there was no other class for him, and he had nothing to do to keep his headship of the class. We all admired his great and varied talents, and were proud of him as the most distinguished schoolboy of the town. In person he was active, sinewy and graceful. In athletic exercises he was foremost. * * * * * His disposition was amiable, and his manners pleasant and courteous."

While at this academy, Poe went with a schoolmate to his home, and saw Mrs. Helen Stannard, the mother of his young friend. This lady re-

ceived the orphan lad very kindly, and afterwards became the confidant of all his boyish sorrows, and hers was the one redeeming influence that saved and guided him in the earlier days of his turbulent and passionate youth.

Even at this early age Poe was haunted by those dismal fancies, which grew with his growth, that "the dead are not wholly dead to consciousness," and it was this feeling, those who knew him believe that restrained him more than once from contracting another marriage after his beloved wife's death. He sometimes shuddered as he feared

Lest the dead, who is forsaken,
May not be happy now."

During his school-days at Richmond, Edgar fell in love with a Miss S. Elmira Royster. The parents of the young Miss lived directly opposite the residence of Mr. Allan, and the two families were quite intimate. The boy-lover plunged over head and ears in platonic admiration, and wrote glowing tributes to the young maiden's charms. Her father intercepted his passionate pleas, and it was only after the young lady became a wife, as Mrs. Shelton, that Poe became aware that the firstlings of his Muse never reached the fair object of his adoration. The youthful passion—if so pure a feeling can be denominated *passion*—was not without an effect on the warm-hearted visionary, and tinged much of his writing with melancholy hue.

In 1826 Edgar entered as a pupil the University



POES COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

of Virginia, at Charlottesville, and proved a diligent pupil and a well-behaved young man. Here he attained some distinction as a student in both ancient and modern languages. He was well liked by his fellow-scholars. But even then the more observing marked his reserved manners, so unusual in a lad of his years. At this time he practiced charcoal drawing, covering the walls of his dormitory with life-size pictures. His favorite amusement at this period was rambling about and in the Ragged Mountains near the University. He rarely had any companion except his dog. Some of the solitudes were so lone and seemingly inaccessible that Poe has written, "I could not help believing that the green sods and the gray rocks upon which I had stood had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being." Of course this manner of life nourished his melancholic temperament, and added to his grave and sombre aspect. Just a month before he attained his fifteenth year he left the University. A few evenings previously he kindled a fire in his room with what remained of his candles and the fragments of his table.

The City of Boston, which saw his birth, was also honored by seeing the entrance upon this "great stage of fools" of his first literary offering to fame. Much investigation has been given to his reasons for going to the tri-mountain city in order to publish his little volume. It was, probably, because even then the city in which Holmes lives, and in

which Longfellow died, was esteemed the most "literary" place in our country—hence styled "the Athens of America." His first venture was a little volume of forty pages, and entitled, "Tamerlane and other Poems." By a Bostonian.

"Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—COWPER.
Boston: Calvin Thomas, 1827.

The book, for some never explained reason, was soon suppressed. Though crude in expression and strongly infected with the worst *Byronisms*, it had yet many passages betraying the latent powers of the writer. Of these powers he was by no means unconscious, as witness such lines as follow:

"There is a power in the high spirit
To know the fate it will inherit:
The soul, which knows such power, will still
Find pride the ruler of its will."

Most of the pieces, the author tells us in his preface, were written when he was but fourteen.

The young poet's visit to Europe, in the early summer of 1827, has never been very satisfactorily detailed. He appears to have been filled with the same romantic Hellenism which surcharged the heart of him who so gloriously sung:

"To Greece we give our shining blades."

But, unlike Byron, he has left no record of his movements on the sacred soil where

"Homer sung and Sappho loved."

One biographer of the poet says that Poe had written a novel, founded upon the circumstances

in which he figured while in Europe, but he deemed it too sensational to suit American tastes. Certain it never saw the light in print. He was away from Richmond nearly two years; and on his return to the erewhile hospitable home, he found that his truest friend, the amiable Mrs. Allan, had been buried the day before he reached her late residence. Edgar deeply felt the loss of his adoptive mother, and always alluded to her with reverent affection. Mr. Allan appears to have looked coldly upon the young man, and for a time he visited round among the friends of his real father. About this time he published his second poetical venture; this time under his own name. A brother poet, John Neal, being applied to by Poe for an opinion, gave him considerable praise and much useful advice. This edition contained "Tamerane" much improved, and the new poem of "Al Aaraaf." Passages of power and beauty abound in the pieces composing this work, and appreciative readers might well have foreseen the future greatness of the writer.

In the year 1830 Edgar was admitted as a cadet at West Point Military Academy. General Winfield Scott, among other influential personages, added the weight of his recommendation to open the doors of the institution to him. He was just then in his twenty-first year, a little later and he would have been too old to enter the portals of that famous fortress. The exercises, both mental and

physical, at that time were prolonged and incessant. Edgar early discovered that the iron rules of discipline and set forms of study were entirely unsuited to his erratic, if not to say vagrant, disposition. He did not take kindly to the military drill or the stern mathematical studies which form the great part of the education. He seemed to have little liking for the place or its inmates. A fellow cadet says of him : " At this time Poe had a worn, weary, discontented look, not easily forgotten by those who were intimate with him." He, however, established a high reputation for genius, and his poems and squibs, of local interest, were daily going the round of the classes. Some of his classmates recall many acts of irregularity, hard to tolerate even in an academy not bound by such cast iron rules.

A classmate of Poe's, writing of this portion of the latter's life, says that " his acquaintance with English literature was extensive and accurate, and his verbal memory wonderful. He would repeat both prose and verse by the hour, and seldom or never repeated the same passage twice to the same person."

By the end of the year 1830 Poe seems to have grown tired of his life at the Academy, and expressed a desire to leave it. This idea did not suit Mr. Allan, and he refused to sanction it. The gentleman who had hitherto found funds for the young cadet was now the husband of a second wife, and an heir had been born to him, so that he had,

presumably, pretty heavy drafts upon his exchequer. Be that as it may, he refused peremptorily to apply for his removal from West Point. The consequence was that Edgar purposely was guilty of offences against discipline, for which he was court martialed and dismissed the service, and ceased to be considered a member of the Military Academy after the 6th of March, 1831.

Proceeding to New York, he determined to make a living by his pen. A few months later he published "A Volume of Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. Elam Bliss, publisher." All the poems in this book of 124 pages are contained in his later collections. It was dedicated to his comrades, "The United States Corps of Cadets." The young officers subscribed liberally for volumes, at two dollars and a half each. But the fledgling generals were much disappointed, as the book contained none of the squibs and satires with which he had delighted them in the Academy. Prefixed to this volume was a long preface, only remarkable as showing how thoroughly he had investigated all the pros and cons of rhythm and rhyme. The profits of this volume were small, and soon expended; and he quickly made his way back to Richmond. Going straight to Mr. Allan's house, he met that gentleman's second wife. He was told Mr. A. was sick, and declined to see him. He appears to have spoken his mind freely, if not sharply, to the young wife. The ultimate result of the interview was that he

angrily left the mansion—never again to enter it. A brief correspondence ensued between the father and his adopted son ; and the young man, who had been taught to consider himself presumptive heir to a large fortune, found himself penniless.

The next two years are a complete blank in the author's history. We have half a dozen imaginary stories, but nothing on which the least reliance can be placed. If, as has been alleged, he found in literature a living, it is very strange that no publisher can recall the fact of having employed him. It seems impossible, too, that in twenty-four months he should have written nothing in prose or poetry of sufficient merit to have called forth abundant praise if not profit.

With certainty we next hear of him in Baltimore. This was in 1833. At this time he wrote several of his bizarre stories. His recompense was very slight, and he was, consequently, living in extreme poverty. In 1833 he was awarded prizes of one hundred, and of fifty dollars, respectively, for the best story and the best poem offered for competition. The three gentlemen who decided his work to be the best, were both astonished and charmed with the great merit the author had shown, and Mr. Kennedy (himself an able author) invited him to dine with him. It needs no lively fancy to divine what must have been the poor but proud young man's humiliation when penning the following reply :

"Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary."

Mr. Kennedy visited him; found his sad story too true; and thenceforward proved himself one of his most reliable friends. After this his prospects grew brighter as to the possibility of making a living by his literary labors. And in good time came this assurance, for his adoptive father died on the 27th of March, 1834. Edgar Allan Poe's name was not even mentioned in his will.

At different times portions of his tragedy of "Politian" were published, which, though full of passages of great power and exceeding beauty, were apparently not so highly thought of as to induce Poe to publish it entire. It was, however, translated into French, and highly spoken of by its readers in that language.

For several years Poe continued to write, for different magazines, many of those wierd, unearthly stories, that fill the reader with alternate fear, horror, dislike and admiration. They are absolutely unique and original in all respects. He also, during this time, wrote many of those profound, analytical, but deep-cutting reviews which attracted much attention, some admiration, and made for the author many life-long and inveterate enemies. The blackest cloud has the brightest lining, and so it seemed

in Poe's case. For during his extreme poverty, he met, at Baltimore, his Aunt Maria, the widow of his Uncle William. A man who had patriotically given largely of his time and means to the cause of his country during the Revolution, and was able to leave his widow a faultless reputation and—comparative poverty. The widow invited Edgar to live beneath her humble roof, and offered to share what little room she had with her brother's son.

Mrs. Clemm had "one only daughter, and she was passing fair"—indeed all persons that had seen her unite in ascribing to her "the beauty of a fairy and the purity of a seraph." Edgar, now in the early months of manhood, became completely enthralled by the charms of the lovely Virginian. As the girl was born on the 13th of August, 1822, she was as yet almost a child, when she became the wife of her gifted but penniless cousin. The marriage took place on the 6th of May, 1836, at Richmond. The young bride's mother took up her abode with the youthful pair; who surely needed some guardian to direct their immature beginnings. But Poe's literary earnings were very small, although he labored assiduously on the "*Southern Literary Messenger*," and scarcity of funds was the dominant condition of the little household.

Soon after we find Poe in New York, where his mother-in-law tried to eke out their limited means by keeping a boarding-house. An inmate of their



MRS. MARIA CLEMM, MOTHER OF VIRGINIA POE.

residence, by no means addicted to flattery, thus speaks of the young couple at this time: "Mr. Poe was uniformly quiet, reticent, gentlemanly in demeanor, and during this time not the slightest trace of intoxication or dissipation was discernible in the illustrious inmate. He had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness; her eyes could match those of an houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate, a temper and disposition of surprising sweetness, besides she seemed as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born. Poe had a remarkably pleasant and prepossessing countenance, what the ladies would call decidedly handsome."

Too soon the passionately loving husband became convinced of the fact that, in his own eloquent phrase, "the finger of death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemeron, she had been made perfect only to die."

Thanks to the untiring teaching of her husband, Virginia had learned several languages, and had become an accomplished musician.

In 1838, Harper & Bros., the even then celebrated publishers, issued "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket." As full of truthful realism as any of Defoe's wonderful books. But neither poetry nor prose—although both teemed with genius, originality, and exquisite diction—

brought in the "shekels." Like the apostle he might truly aver, "silver and gold have I none."

Toward the close of 1838 Poe was a resident of Philadelphia, writing industriously, for small pay, brilliant stories and able reviews. Soon after he published a volume entitled "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." This work attracted a good deal of attention; but the profits from its sale were small. In 1840 the names of *Burton* and *Poe* appear as joint editors on the cover of "The Gentleman's Magazine." It seems like a conjunction of honey and verjuice, this union of the over jolly "Toodles" and the grave, not to say saturnine author of the sombre "Raven." W. E. Burton and Poe had a misunderstanding in reference to a disputed account, and Poe transferred his talents to "Graham's Magazine." In this periodical appeared the greater number of his famous "analytical" stories, in which he puts together and afterward dissects some of the most ingenious mental problems that ever a vivid imagination conceived and figured out. These stories have been translated into many languages.

For nearly two years he remained with Mr. Graham, and during that period the circulation of the then famous magazine was continuously increasing. Why he severed his connection with it has never been explicitly told. But we may surmise that the habit of taking stimulants had unsettled his habits of industry and regularity. The poet and the publisher parted company the best of friends and Mr.

Graham, writing afterwards about his talented editor, said : " He, Poe, had the docility and kind-heartedness of a child. No man was more quickly touched by a kindness, none more prompt to atone an injury. For three or four years I knew him intimately. * * * Knowing all his hopes and fears and little annoyances of life, as well as his high-hearted struggle with adverse fate—yet he was always the same polished gentleman—the quiet, unobtrusive scholar—the devoted husband—frugal in his personal expenses . . . and the soul of honor in all his transactions." Poe himself, in answer to the inquiries of a friend, gave as a reason for his falling into "irregularities," which injured himself more than any other, the facts that—"Six years ago the greatest 'evil' which can befall a man befell me. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. * * * Then again—again—and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. * * * I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute insanity I

drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity." Farther on, in answering his mean and vindictive assailants, he says: "I have absolutely not the slightest pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes indulge so madly. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life, and reputation, and reason. It has been the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories."

The death of the young, lovely and idolized wife was the last shaft from the bow of misfortune, and it remained quivering in the sensitive heart of the poet long as life lasted. The friends of the poet dwell lovingly on the home and its surroundings, of the poet and his wife. One writes: "She (Virginia) had a voice of wonderful sweetness, and was an exquisite singer, and in some of their more prosperous days, when they were living in a pretty little moss-covered cottage on the outskirts of Philadelphia, she had her harp and piano."

Captain Mayne Reid, the famous author and gallant soldier, in writing of Poe and his surroundings at this period, gives us some little insight into his manner of life. Poe, I have known for a whole month closeted in his house, all the time hard at work with his pen, poorly paid and hard driven to keep the wolf from the door, visited only by a few select friends, who always found him what they knew him to be, a generous host, an affectionate son-in-law

and husband." * * * * * Of Mrs. Poe, Reid says, "she was angelically beautiful in person, and not less beautiful in spirit. No one who remembers that dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of Virginia—her grace, her facial beauty, her demeanor, so modest as to be remarkable, no one who has ever spent an hour in her company, but will endorse what I have said. I remember how we, the friends of the poet, used to talk of her high qualities, and when we talked of her beauty, I knew well that the rose-tint upon her cheek was too bright, too pure to be of earth. It was consumption's color, that sadly beautiful light that beacons to an early tomb." At this time it was only through the good management of Virginia's mother, Mrs. Clemm, that the little furniture was kept together, and that they were able to keep a roof over their heads. For it must be constantly borne in mind that Edgar knew positively nothing of housekeeping affairs—for while at home with his mother he was a mere child; and while living with the Allans he had every want supplied before he expressed a wish for it. For Mr. A. kept house "like a fine old Virginia gentleman, at a bountiful old rate." While the Poes lived in this little cottage Virginia broke a blood-vessel, while in the act of singing. From that moment she was a great sufferer, as was her husband, who was perpetually haunted by fear of her sudden death. Such a delicate invalid requires all the soothings and shields with which wealth can

protect from chill winds or stifling atmospheres ; as well as all those nourishing viands and strengthening drinks so necessary to keep up the vital forces. Poe, who well knew how impotent he was to provide all these for his sick wife, suffered ten times the anguish that a man of a less sensitive nature would. In vain he threw off article after article, countersigned by the stamp of the finest genius—few and paltry were the rewards that came to the depleted exchequer of the isolated little cottage.

But we need not linger over these sadly attractive details of our author's life.

About this time he wrote to several of his friends—some of whom he presumed had more or less influence with the Administration at Washington, imploring them to try to procure him a post under government—even one of five hundred dollars a year, but in vain. He was not of the stuff of which successful office-seekers are moulded.

There is but a scant supply of Macenases in modern times, else Burns had not been a gauger, and Poe an unsuccessful applicant for a paltry custom-house clerkship. Locke, the author of *one* Moon Hoax, got a clerkship, but they were evidently too much afraid of overburthening the departments with brains to appoint the author of *another* to office. Or, perhaps, they thought that people who knew so much about Luna, might be a species of Lunatics.

In November, 1842, unusual attention was attracted to Snowden's Magazine, in which appeared Poe's great prose tale of "The Mystery of Marie Roget." This was in reality founded upon "the untimely taking off" of Mary Cecelia Rogers, otherwise known as the Beautiful Cigar Girl. The subject just suited Poe's peculiar train of thought, and among thinking people the story was a very great success. In 1843 Poe received the prize of \$100 offered for the best story. The piece was named "The Gold Bug," and was undeniably the most popular of his prose stories. Of Tennyson, Poe thus says—in a critique on Channing, written at this time—"For Tennyson, as for a man imbued with the richest and rarest poetical impulses, I have an admiration—a reverence unbounded." This shows our poet's keen appreciation of literary genius. For at the time this was written Tennyson had not yet been unanimously crowned lord of all the realms of poesy.

In 1849 we find the poet once more in New York. Mr. N. P. Willis speaks of being visited by Mrs. Clemm on his behalf, and remarks of the occasion, that the poet "wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life."

Poe was soon engaged on the *Evening Mirror*, a journal owned and edited by Morris and Willis.

N. P. Willis is, perhaps, better appreciated as a poet at this time than he was during his life. Very many of his sacred poems are fairly imbued with holy thoughts expressed in exquisite versification. George P. Morris, still remembered for many pleasing songs, deserves a warmer remembrance for his genial and hospitable nature, and generous actions. As an offset to the slurs and insinuations of others regarding Poe's conduct, it may not be amiss to quote here some further remarks made about him by N. P. Willis—a gentleman who was by no means prone to shower laudations upon brother poets: "As time went on, however, he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy, and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, on points so excusably sensitive. * * During all his intercourse with us, we had seen but one presentiment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commending the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying ability.

At this period Poe added to his labors some translating from the French, but by this he added

little to his fame, and less to his finances. He still continued to write brief articles for the *Mirror*, and occasionally stories. Some of the latter very superior. But the continued drudgery brought in but poor pecuniary results.

In 1845 Poe seemed to have reached the highest point of his literary aspirations—he had succeeded in getting the sole control of a paper of his own, “*The Broadway Journal*.” It was on the 29th of January of this year that the never-to-be-silenced croaking of “*The Raven’s*” sad refrain “*Nevermore*” smote the ear. It was universally copied, recited publicly and privately, and wildly extolled. It took its place side by side with “*Ye Ancient Mariner*,” probably never to be displaced; so manifold are its merits, so few its defects, so quaint, subtle, harmonious, yet so wierd by dissonant are some of its chords—bearing that strange, yet dismal fascination, akin to the unearthly melodies of the *Æolian* harp which sometimes sounds as if angel and demon fingers were touching different strings of the same instrument.

Prior to the issuance of his masterly poem, “*The Raven*,” Poe was personally known to but few. But now the doors of many of the best people, who had any literary proclivities or pretensions, flew open at his approach. Many stories, some greatly embellished, and others entirely baseless, were abroad, touching his peculiar habits and idiosyncrasies; all this, added to his sad visage and melan-

choly eyes, invested him with a species of romantic mysticism.

The day after "The Raven" appeared, Poe might have said—like Byron—that he "awoke in the morning and found himself famous."

Poe continued to write industriously stories, criticisms and satires of uneven merit, but all bearing, more or less distinctly, struck the "Tower mark" of talent. A collection of his stories was printed in New York and reprinted in England, of these Martin F. Tupper wrote very highly. In France, from a keener critic, they received the eulogism of a translation. The Spaniards quickly naturalized his works in vivid translations; and the Germans and Italians transmuted his thoughts into their several languages.

While writing in reference to Mrs. Mowatt's taking to the stage as a profession, Poe seizes the opportunity to speak thus eloquently of the theatre and its votaries: "We have no sympathies with the prejudices that would have dissuaded Mrs. Mowatt from the stage. There is no cant more contemptible than that which habitually decries the theatrical profession—a profession which, in itself, embraces all that can elevate and enoble, and absolutely nothing to degrade. If some, if many, or if nearly all of its members are dissolute, this is an evil not arising from the profession itself, but from the unhappy circumstances which surround it. * * *

In the mere name of *actress* she can surely find

nothing to dread—nothing, or she would be unworthy of the profession, not the profession unworthy of her. The theatre is ennobled by its high facilities for the development of genius—facilities not afforded elsewhere in equal degree. By the spirit of genius we say it is ennobled, it is sanctified beyond the sneer of the fool or the cant of the hypocrite. The actor of talent is poor of heart, indeed, if he do not look with contempt upon the mediocrity even of a king. The writer of this article is himself the son of an actress, has invariably made it his boast, and no earl was ever prouder of his earldom than he of his descent from a woman who, although well born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and of beauty."

While Poe continued editing "*The Broadway Journal*," he still found time to write for the *American Review* some powerful papers upon the American Drama. He also contributed "*Marginalia*" to the *Democratic Review*; which notes abounded in quaint, at times, at other times shrewd apothegms and wise saws.

Soon after this Poe severed his connection with the *Broadway Journal*, but not without firing some farewell shots at his many antagonists.

Not a little scandal was generated by the friendship, which existed between Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, the poetess, and Edgar A. Poe. The "true inwardness" of it was that the poet had admired,

and highly and intelligently lauded some of the poetry of the lady. She naturally felt pleased at finding the Stylus that usually flowed with vitriol now filled with honied sweets.

Then followed an introduction. The poet became the Mentor of the inspired Sappho; taught her how to improve her already fine poems, while she gratified his vanity by praising his really great productions. If at times their lines were couched in warmer terms than is common out of the shades of Parnassus, their intercourse was truly Platonic, and the lady had as white a soul as ever lodged in anybody's breast.

Writing of Poe's home life, Mrs. Osgood says: "It was in his own simple, yet poetical residence, that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child—for his young, gentle and idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harrassing literary labors, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. At his desk, beneath the picture of his loved and lost Lenore, he would sit, hour after hour, patient, assiduous, and uncomplaining, tracing in an exquisitely clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts, 'the rare and radiant fancies,' as they flashed through his wonderful and ever wakeful brain. I recollect one morning toward the close of his residence in

this city, when he seemed unusually gay and light hearted. Virginia, his sweet wife, had written me a pressing invitation to come to them; and I, who never could resist her affectionate summons, and who enjoyed his society far more in his own house than elsewhere, hastened to Amity street. I found him just completing a series of papers entitled, 'The Literati of New York.' 'See,' said he, displaying several rolls of paper, 'by the difference in length of these, the different degrees of estimation in which I hold all you literary people.' * * * * * Come, Virginia, help me!" And one by one they unfolded them. At last they came to one which seemed interminable. Virginia, laughingly ran to one corner of the room, with one end, and her husband to the opposite, with the other. "And whose lengthened sweetness, long drawn out, is that? said L." "Hear her," he cried, "just as if her little vain heart didn't tell her its herself!"

After this little home picture, it may not be amiss to here quote what this lady says in reference to his habits of life. "I have been told that when his sorrows and pecuniary embarrassments had driven him to the use of stimulants, which a less delicate organization might have enabled him to have borne without injury, he was in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the ladies of his acquaintance. It is difficult for me to believe this; for to me, to whom he came during the year of our acquaintance for counsel and kindness in all his many anxieties

and griefs, he never spoke irreverently of any woman, save one, and then only in *my* defence ; and though I rebuked him for his momentary forgetfulness of the respect due to himself and to me, I could not but forgive the offence for the sake of the generous impulse which prompted it. Yet, even were these sad rumors true of him, the wise and well informed knew how to regard, as they would the impetuous anger of a spoiled infant, balked of its capricious will, the equally harmless and unmeaning phrenzy of that stray child of Poetry and Passion. For the few unwomanly and slander-loving gossips who have injured *him* and *themselves* only by repeating his ravings, when in such mood they have accepted his society. I have only to vouchsafe my wonder and my pity. They cannot surely harm the good and pure, who, reverencing his genius and pitying his misfortunes and his errors, endeavored, by their timely kindness and sympathy, to soothe his sad career."

Mrs. Osgood's charitable and kind opinion of Poe was fully reciprocated by him, for he speaks of her in these enthusiastic sentences: "In character she is ardent, sensitive and impulsive. The very soul of truth and honor; a worshiper of the beautiful, with a heart so radically artless as to seem abundant in art; universally admired, respected and beloved. In person she is about the medium height, slender even to fragility, graceful whether in action or repose; complexion unusually pale, hair black

and glossy, eyes a clear luminous gray, large and with singular capacity for expression." Their acquaintance, personally, only lasted a year. The lady then left to travel for her health. She kept up a correspondence with him to please his wife, who believed that he was guided by her advice as to disusing all stimulants. Although from the tenor of every one of Poe's letters to ladies, and the responses thereto, it is quite evident that all the improprieties were summed up in the one phrase, "Want of deference to social usages"—yet his numerous adversaries made the most of every indiscretion, and reared mountains out of molehills. One female person—we cannot desecrate the words "lady" or "woman" by applying them to her—happened to see on the poet's desk an opened letter from Mrs. Osgood, and she made all the scandal she could out of its really innocent contents. A self-constituted committee of Mrs. Grundys spoke to Mrs. O., and pictured in frightful colors the terrible consequences which might follow such a correspondence, and persuaded the somewhat timid poetess to authorize them to recall all her letters from Poe's hands. The committee called at Poe's house, and the justly enraged poet dismissed them as a set of busy-bodies. One of the most officious of this set had herself corresponded with Poe. He took his revenge by placing *her* letters in a package, and privately sending them to her. Mrs. Osgood

and Poe never met again, but they kept up a correspondence to the end of their lives.

Poe was, meanwhile, failing in health, while his wife was daily weakening. At the same time he was increasing his notoriety, rather than his popularity, by smart, bitter, but oftentimes unjust criticisms upon the writings of his cotemporaries. As the months of summer passed away, with their golden evenings, day by day faded out the strength of his young wife; and the concomitant effect was that Poe was rendered more and more unfit to tug at the oar. Although the daily bread of three persons depended upon his exertions. As the chill winds of Fall begun to whistle about the little cottage that scarcely sheltered them, the beloved Virginia sank rapidly into a consumption.

Mrs. Gove Nichols—herself a woman of genius—draws this pitiful picture of the state of affairs at the Fordham cottage. “I saw her (Virginia) in her bedchamber. Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and poverty-stricken, that I saw the poor sufferer with such a heartache. * * * There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but had a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompanied the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband’s great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and

FAC-SIMILE LETTER TO MRS. MARIE LOUISE SHEW.

kindest - dearest friend - My poor Virginia
 still lives, although failing fast and now
 suffering much pain. May God grant her life
 until she sees you and thanks you once again!
 Her bosom is full to overflowing - like my own -
 with a boundless inexpressible gratitude to you.
 Lest she may never see you more - she bids me
 say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love
 and will die blessing you. But come - oh come
 to-morrow! Yes, I will be calm - everything
 you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends
 you, also, her "warmest love and thanks." She
 begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrange-
 ments at home so that you may stay with us
 tomorrow night. I enclose the order to the
 Postmaster.

Heaven bless you and farewell

Edgar Poe.

Fordham,

Jan. 29. 47.

the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet. * * * * * As soon as I was made aware of these painful facts, I came to New York and enlisted the sympathies and services of a lady, whose heart and hand were ever open to the poor and miserable. A feather bed and abundance of bed clothing and other comforts were the first fruits of my labor of love. The lady headed a private subscription, and carried them sixty dollars the next week. From the first day this kind lady saw the suffering family of the poet, she watched over them as a mother watches over her babe. She saw them often and ministered to the comfort of the dying and the living."

This lady, who so unostentatiously filled the role of the Good Samaritan, deserves to have her name held in grateful remembrance, was then Mrs. Shew, since, Houghton. (What's in a name?" may here be asked, though it breaks the current of the story. Something surely. For it is with the name of Houghton that the Little Church Around the Corner is as closely entwined as by its own clustering ivy.)

N. P. Willis, with the best intentions, publicly called attention to the circumstances of the poet, and greatly hurt his feelings by so doing.

The pulse of poor Virginia fluttered feebler and feebler every hour. But Mrs. Shew hovered about the invalid's bed, with all the loving care of a

heavenly guardian angel. Poe expressed the feelings of himself and his little household in the following note :

“KINDEST, DEAREST FRIEND,—My poor Virginia still lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing, like my own—with a boundless inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more, she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come—oh, come to-morrow! Yes, I *will* be calm—everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her ‘warmest love and thanks.’

“She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home, so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster.

“Heaven bless you and farewell.

EDGAR A. POE.”

Mrs. Shew continued her merciful ministrations day after day. But was not present at the supreme moment when Virginia resigned her gentle spirit. The remains of the poor young wife were “dressed for the grave in beautiful linen,” by the kind lady who had befriended the little family.

The funeral was shorn of “all pomp and pageantry of woe,” Edgar following the remains of Virginia to the grave, wrapped in the old military cloak that had erst done duty in shielding the sick wife. By the kind permission of the owner, Mrs. Poe was buried in the family vault of the Valentines, at Fordham.

For a few days Poe seemed stunned by the loss of his wife; but he had to rouse himself to renewed exertion. The gaunt wolf, want, was only kept from the door by the continued kindness of Mrs.

Shew. But it was clearly unfair that kind heart and the ready hand should be a continuous support.

By the generosity of a number of friends, (among them General Scott, who had procured Poe his cadetship at West Point), a sum of money was raised sufficient to pay off a number of little debts.

The poet continued ill for months; but the instant he began to gain a little physical strength, he went to work at his literary avocations. He seldom quitted the little abode in which Virginia had breathed her last; and was only visited by Mrs. Shew occasionally, and a few other devoted friends. Mrs. Clemm, during these dull months, was as attentive and careful as a real mother to the unfortunate man.

In the beginning of 1848, Poe once more had his harness on for "the war of the one against many." For nearly his whole life appears to have been a combat, and frequently with foes who really had no just cause for their enmity. Once again he seemed in a fair way to start his "Stylus." During a lecturing tour in Massachusetts, he had occasion to speak in glowing terms of the poetry of Mrs. Helen Whitman. This led to an introduction. The result was that the poet fell desperately in love with the beautiful and gifted "American Sappho," and poured out his soul in a stream of Abeldardish adoration. The lady responded in some very elegant epistles. This correspondence, though entirely

proper between betrothed lovers, might, perhaps, quite as well have been buried in the tomb of the Capulets, with the *bijouterie* of the Italian lovers. We give a brief extract from one of Edgar's letters:

"Could I but have held you close to my heart and whispered to you the strange secrets of its passionate history, then, indeed, you would have seen that it was not and never could have been in the power of any other than yourself to move me as I am now moved—to oppress me with this ineffable emotion—to surround and bathe me in this electric light, illuminating and enkindling my whole nature—filling my whole soul with glory, with wonder, and with awe. During our walk in the cemetery, I said to you, while the bitter, bitter tears sprang into my eyes. Helen, I love you—now—now, for the first and only time."

But this love was too passionate to last. The lady, yielding to the advice of friends, and partly moved by Poe's appearance at her house in a state of great excitement—to use the mildest term—intimated, kindly but firmly, that their engagement must be canceled. After a number of scenes of parting and making up again, Mrs. Whitman at last yielded to the almost raving poet an opportunity to meet her once again. When he appeared in her presence—we now use the lady's words:

"I was at last convinced that it would be in vain longer to hope against hope. I knew that he had irrecoverably lost the power of self-recovery. So I gathered together some papers which he had intrusted to my keeping, and placed them in his hands without a word of explanation or reproach, and utterly worn-out and exhausted by mental con-

licts and anxieties and responsibilities of the last few days, I drenched my handkerchief with ether, and threw myself on a sofa, hoping to lose myself in utter unconsciousness. Sinking on his knees beside me, he entreated me to speak to him but one word. At last I responded almost inaudibly, 'What can I say?' 'Say that you love me, Helen. I love you.' These were the last words I ever spoke to him."

Certain it is, that whoever was in fault in this unfortunate affair, the "Helen" of it came out far differently from her fair namesake of Troy—she came out with a fame as spotless as the white bosom of a swan.

Almost paralleled with Poe's ardent epistles to "Helen," were running a series of letters to the fair and accomplished lady, "Annie," whose acquaintance he had made in Lowell, Mass. This correspondence marked on the poet's side with all the fiery utterances of a man master of all love's eloquent sentences, was responded to by the lady in a different key. She had heard of the many troublous incidents in the poet's sad, if wayward career, and she did pity them—" 'twas pitiful, she said—'twas wondrous pitiful," and some of the pale-leaved flowers, akin to love's, sprang up. The poet was impassioned and impetuous—the lady kind and sympathizing; but there is every reason to believe she passed on "in maiden meditation fancy free." It would not be proper to give publicity to

these letters, for not only are they partly filled with those passionate pleadings, so liable to be misconstrued by people who keep watch and ward over every letter they indite ; but they have frequent reference to persons who still live.

In the summer he visited Richmond, and called on many of his former friends. Here he saw Mrs. Shelton, whom he had known as Miss Royster, when he was a lad. He received a very kindly reception. But he now appeared to have a fatal facility for falling in love. On his second visit he proposed to the lady—now a widow. The result of his meeting with the lady of his boyish love will be seen by the fact that he wrote to Mrs. Clemm, to let her know that he was about to wed Mrs. Shelton, and intended that she (Mrs. C.) should come to Richmond, permanently to reside with them. Sad presentiments appear to have clouded the minds of both Poe and the lady, when he left to transact some business in New York.

It was on the first or second of October, that he departed for New York, and he safely arrived at Baltimore in due time. From this time, almost to the instant of his death, his wanderings have never been clearly traced. The most likely story is that having arrived at a time when an exciting election was taking place, he was drugged into semi-unconsciousness, and taken from one polling place to another, casting votes as directed by his unprincipled captors. As every scoundrel who had a hand



POE'S MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE, (November 17th, 1875.)

in this fiendish, and, as it turned out to be, murderous crime, had every motive for concealment, the exact facts will probably never be brought to light. The next we know in this last scene of all was that he was found sleeping on a bench on Light Street wharf. Here some of his relatives found him; he was kindly cared for; partial recovery took place; but the iron had entered too deeply into the soul; and from the terrible shock he never recovered.— He expired on the 7th of October, 1849.

Two days after he was buried in the family plot, in the Baltimore Westminster grave-yard, verifying one of his saddest refrains touching “the lonesome October.” A stone, which one of his relatives intended to mark his resting place, was curiously shattered by a railway train, showing that “unmerciful disaster” followed him beyond the grave.

Several of the lady friends of Poe and Virginia mitigated the grief of the venerable Mrs. Clemm. Dickens, when in this country, called on her, and had a long and sympathetic interview with her. He also left her a substantial gift, as proof of his respect for Poe’s memory. The old lady died in 1871, and was buried beside her well-beloved Edgar.







THE RAVEN.

This wonderful poem originally appeared in the *New York Mirror*. Amidst the resounding applauses with which it was greeted there were heard, however, some mutterings of disapproval. We do not allude to the assaults of petty assailants who are always ready to traduce a superior, out of sheer envy. We never heard of Shakspeare or Milton disparaging the works of their cotemporaries. But in some of the attacks upon Poe, anent his entire originality in this matter, there was considerable plausibility. As it is a matter that has evolved a good deal of discussion, we lay before the reader some of the salient points of the affair. It was charged that Poe had boldly plagiarised not only the general idea of the "Raven" but even many of the peculiarities of rythm and rhyme from Albert Pike's poem "Isadore." This having appeared in the *New York Mirror*, in 1843, at a time when Edgar A. Poe was engaged as a writer on that journal. It certainly seems hardly possible that a poem of such real merit, and in many respects of such peculiar construction, could have been un-noticed and un-appreciated by one "who was nothing if not critical." The truth, doubtless, is that in this instance Poe mistook recollection for invention; and supposed that he was originating when he was, indeed, but remembering. We append two stanzas from "Isadore," in order that the reader can judge in the case between Albert Pike and Edgar A. Poe.

Stanzas from "ISADORE."

Thou art lost to me forever—I have lost thee, Isadore—
Thy head will never rest on my loyal bosom more,
Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into mine,
Nor thy arm around me lovingly, and trustingly entwine
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

My footsteps through the rooms resound all sadly and forlorn;
The garish sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor.

The mocking bird still sits and sings a melancholy strain,
 For my heart is like a heavy cloud that overflows with rain.
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore.

Mr. John H. Ingraham, Edgar A. Poe's most judicious critic, and greatest admirer—does not in this instance, appear at his best. For he rather superciliously, if not sneeringly, writes of Albert Pike as being "unacquainted with metrical laws." Now, the truth is that the author of "Isadore" is a poet little inferior to Poe himself, and has written many very beautiful poems—"that were not born to die." By the way, it is a very singular fact—not apropos in this connection, perhaps—but still worth recording, that Albert Pike—poet and soldier was always equally welcome to the *lodges* of the Wild Indians and of the Free Masons. Two classes of mankind as opposite as well can be in precept and practice. N. P. Willis thus launched this poem upon the billows of success. "In our opinion this is the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those "dainties bred in a book," which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of every body who reads it. The poem was immediately re-published in most American papers. Poe, for some reason not explainable—or at least not explained—appended to it the signature of "Quarles," when it was printed in the *American Review*, (but not *published* until after its appearance in the *Mirror*.) The poem gave occasion for a great deal of more or less sharp criticism; but Poe very ably defended it from all comers.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder-
 ed, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgot-
 ton lore,—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
 came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping,—rapping at my
chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my
chamber door,—

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
cember,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor,

Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought
to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the
lost Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore,—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never
felt before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door.

This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger : hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore :

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide the door.

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore !”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore !”

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice :

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore :

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he,—not a minute
stopped or stayed he,

But, with mein of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from
the Nightly shore.

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s
Plutonian shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore ;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber-door,—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber-door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then
he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends
have flown before !
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before !”
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerci-
ful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of ‘Never,—nevermore!’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and om-
inous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom’s core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight
gloating o’er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

“Wretch!” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels He hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the
lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird, or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this Home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me!—tell
me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!—

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore!—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn.

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore,—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!



LENORE.

This very melodious piece of versification, was published in the *Broadway Journal*. Having been greatly altered and improved since it originally appeared under the title of "The Pæan."

AH, broken is the golden bowl!—the spirit flown
forever!—

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the
Stygian river ;

And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now,
or never more !

See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,
Lenore !

Come, let the burial rite be read,—the funeral song
be sung !—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so
young,—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so
young.

“Wretches ! ye loved her for her wealth and hated
her for her pride !

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—
that she died !



"A SAINTLY SOUL FLOATS ON THE STYGIAN RIVER."

How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem
how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the
slanderous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and died
so young?”

Peccavimus! But rave not thus, and let a Sabbath
song

Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no
wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope,
that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should
have been thy bride!—

For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly
lies,

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her
eyes,—

The life still there, upon her hair,—the death upon
her eyes.

“Avaunt! To-night my heart is light! No dirge
will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old
days!

Let *no* bells toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hal-
lowed mirth,

Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the
damned Earth!

To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant
ghost is riven,—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the
Heaven,—
From grief and groan to a golden throne, beside the
King of Heaven.”





THE BELLS.

"The Bells" originated in some suggestions made to Poe by his good friend and benefactress, Mrs. Shew—who was a greatly accomplished, as well as benevolent lady. The poet was writing at a window, which was open, and admitted the sound of neighboring church bells. Mrs. Shew said, pleasantly, "there is paper;" but Poe, declining it, declared, "I so dislike the noise of bells to-night, I cannot write. I have no subject—I am exhausted." The lady then took up the pen, and, pretending to imitate his style, wrote, "The Bells, by E. A. Poe;" and then, in pure sportiveness, "The Bells, the Little Silver Bells," Poe finishing off the stanza. She then suggested the next verse, 'The Bells, the Heavy Iron Bells;' and this, also, Poe extended into a stanza. He next copied out the complete poem, and headed it, "By Mrs. Shew,"—remarking that it was her poem, as she had suggested and composed so much of it. The next moment Poe could hardly recall any of the incidents of his evening's work.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
 Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten golden notes
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! How it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

For every sound that floats
 From ^{the rust within their} ~~out their~~ ghostly throats
 Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people
~~They that sleep~~
 Who live up in the steeple

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human,

But are pestilential carcasses disparted from their sort

Called Ghouls: —

And their king it is who tolls: —

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls

A Paan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the Paan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the Paan of the bells —

Of the bells: —

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells,—

Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor

Now—now to sit, or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !

What a tale their terror tells

Of Despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

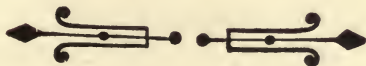
How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells
 Of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells?

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
 Iron bells! [peals!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody com-
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone:
 They are neither man nor woman,—
 They are neither brute nor human,—
 They are Ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls,—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls a pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
 Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.





ANNABEL LEE.

This daintily beautiful poem was written at Fordham, in 1849. Mrs. Osgood, who was intimately acquainted with Poe's acts and thoughts, remarks of this piece, that the idea of this song was suggested to the poet by the fate of his wife. "The only woman," she goes on to say, "whom he truly loved." This is evidenced by the exquisite pathos of the little poem [Annabel Lee] lately written, and which is by far the most natural, simple, touchingly beautiful of all his songs. I have heard it said that it was intended to illustrate a late love affair of the author; but they who believe this have, in their dulness, evidently misunderstood or missed the beautiful meaning latent in the most lovely of all its verses—where he says,—

'A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her *high-born kinsmen* came,
And bore her away from me.'

There seems a strange, almost profane, disregard of the sacred purity and spiritual tenderness of this delicious ballad, in thus overlooking the allusion to the *kindred angels* and the heavenly Father of the lost and forgotten wife."

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.



"HER HIGH-BORN KINSMEN CAME AND BORE HER
AWAY FROM ME."

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE: [dreams
For the moon never beams, without bringing me

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.





ULALUME.

This poem was written early in 1847. It first appeared in the *American Review* for December, in that year. It was without the author's name, and as it soon afterward was reproduced in the *Home Journal*, it was erroneously ascribed to N. P. Willis. The last stanza was omitted from some of the editions by Poe, at the instance of Mrs. Whitman. Years afterwards the lady advised its return, as, on mature consideration, she became convinced the lines were needed to complete the work.

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;
The leaves they were crisped and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere,—
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year ;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir,—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll—

Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek,
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.
Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
The star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,—
At the end of our path a liquescent,
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,

And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,—
To the Lethean peace of the skies,—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes,
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.”

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, “Sadly this star I mistrust,—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust :
Oh, hasten ! oh, let us not linger !
Oh, fly !—let us fly !—for we must.”
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust,
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, “This is nothing but dreaming :
Let us on by this tremulous light !
Let us bathe in this crystalline light !
Its Sybilic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night :
See ! it flickers up the sky through the night !
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright.
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That can not but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,—
By the door of a legended tomb:
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume!—Ulalume!—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispéd and sere,—
As the leaves that were withering and sere:
And I cried, "It was surely October,—
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber.—
This misty mid-region of Weir,—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,—
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said we then—the two, then—"Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
To bar up our path and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds—

Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunar souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the hell of the planetary souls ?”





THE COLISEUM.

This was preferred by a Committee of literary gentlemen from several poems, offered in competition for a prize offered by the *Baltimore Visitor*, in which periodical it appeared. The Committee adjudged it the best poem; but as Poe had just received a prize for the best prose story, they awarded the prize—very unjustly, we think—to the second best poem.

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
Oh, spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
Oh, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!
Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where a mimic eagle glared in gold,

A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!
But stay! These walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened
shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

“Not all!” the echoes answered me. “Not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men!—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds!
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone!—not all our fame!—
Not all the magic of our high renown!—
Not all the wonder that encircles us!—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie!—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”



TO HELEN.

These lines were meant to apply to Mrs. Helen Stannard. The poet's acquaintance with her commenced in this wise: A lad, the son of this lady, took Edgar home with him from school, one day. This lady, on his entering the room, took his hand, and spoke some gentle and gracious words of welcome, which so penetrated the sensitive heart of the orphan boy as to deprive him of the power of speech. The lady afterwards became the confidant of all his boyish sorrows, and hers was the one redeeming influence that saved and guided him in the earlier days of his turbulent and passionate youth.

I SAW thee once— only once—years ago:

I must not say *how* many—but *not* many.
It was a July midnight: and from out
A full orb'd moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe,—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death,—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses

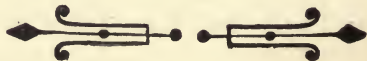
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining ; while the moon
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturned,—alas, in sorrow !
Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven !—oh, God !
How my heart beats in coupling those two words !)
Save only thee and me ! I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted !)

The pearly luster of the moon went out :
The mossy banks and the meandering paths—
The happy flowers and the repining trees—
Were seen no more : the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring air.
All—all expired save me—save less than thou :
Save only the divine light of thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me :
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten

Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres !
How dark a woe ! yet how sublime a hope !
How silently serene a sea of pride !
How daring an ambition ! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love !
But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud ;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They *would not* go,—they never yet have gone.

Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years—
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle
My duty *to be saved* by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night ;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !





TO ———

NOT long ago, the writer of these lines,
In the mad pride of intellectuality,
Maintained "the power of words," denied that ever
A thought arose within the human brain
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue :
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,
Two words—two foreign soft dissyllables—
Italian tones, made only to be murmured
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,"—
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions
Than even the seraph harper, Israfael
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures")
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
I can not write—I can not speak or think—
Alas, I can not feel; for 'tis not feeling,
This standing motionless upon the golden
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,

And thrilling as I see, upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along,
Amid unpurpled vapors, far away,
To where the prospect terminates—*thee only.*





A VALENTINE.

[eyes,
FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous
Brightly expressive of the twins of Lœda,
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
Divine,—a talisman—an amulet [ure—
That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the meas-
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The triviallest point, or you may lose your labor!
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes scintillating soul, there lies *perdus*
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets,—as the name is a poet's, too.
Its letters, although naturally lying
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—
Still form a synonym for Truth. Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the
best you *can* do.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]



TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed
you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its own soul-life.





ELIZABETH POE,
(Mother of the Poet).



A HYMN.

This appeared, in a less perfect form, in one of Poe's stories named "Morella."

AT morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee,
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine





AN ENIGMA.

This piece appeared in the *Union Magazine*, in 1848, and was written for "Stella" (Mrs. Estella Anna Lewis). For Poe—like Swift—appears to have delighted in giving his pet correspondents more or less classical names.

“**S**ELDOM we find,” says Solomon Don Dunce,
“Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.

Through all the flimsy things we see at once,

As easily as through a Naples bonnet—

Trash of all trash!—how *can* a lady don it!

Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff,—

Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff

Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it.”

And, veritably, Sol is right enough.

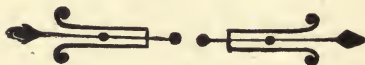
The general tuckermanities are arrant

Bubbles,—ephemeral and *so* transparent!

But *this* is, now,—you may depend upon it,—

Stable, opaque, immortal,—all by dint

Of the dear names that lie concealed within ’t.





THE HAUNTED PALACE.

Apart from the merits of this poem, it attracted considerable attention and controversy. Poe always contended that Longfellow's poem, "The Beleagured City," was a plagiarism of his idea. Color is given to this imputation, by the fact that Longfellow's poem did not appear until the November of 1839; while Poe's was printed in *The Museum*, of April, in the same year. It is quite possible, however, that the similarity was accidental; as there is quite a similitude in both Poe's and Longfellow's poems to "The Deserted House," by Tennyson, and that was published in 1830.

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,

Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling ever more,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn !—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh,—but smile no more.





THE CONQUEROR WORM.

LO! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years.
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theater, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly,—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in

To the selfsame spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin.
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude !
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude !
It writhes !—it writhes !—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out—out are the lights—out all !
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.





TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine,—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
“On! on!” But o’er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o’er!
“No more—no more—no more—”
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,

And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.





TO F—S. S. O—D.

(MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.)

Published in 1840. In the Life of Poe, prefixed to this volume, will be found some allusion to this very lovely and talented lady.

THOU wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.





THE CITY IN THE SEA.

This poem was originally entitled "The Doomed City."

LO! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West, [the best
Where the good and the bad and the worst and
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kindly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—

Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly, beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air ;
While, from a proud tower in the town,
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves,
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gayly-jeweled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed ;
For no ripples curl, alas !
Along the wilderness of glass ;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea ;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On scenes less hideously serene.

But lo ! a stir is in the air !
The wave—there is a movement there !
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,—
And if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.

The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.





SILENCE.

This sonet appeared in the May number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is particularly noticeable for containing the germ idea of "The Raven," in the refrain "No More."

THERE are some qualities—some incorporate things—

That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
There is a two-fold *Silence*—sea and shore—
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown ; some solemn graces,
Some human memories, and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless : his name's "No More."
He is the corporate Silence : dread him not !
No power hath he of evil in himself ;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot !)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf.
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man), commend thyself to God !



THE SLEEPER.

AT midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.

An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.

The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the frog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps! And lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop,—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,

And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall !
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear ?
Why and what art thou dreaming here ?
Sure thou are come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden-trees !
Strange is thy pallor ! strange thy dress !
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness !

The lady sleeps ! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep !
Heaven have her in its secret keep !
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by !

My love, she sleeps ! Oh, may she sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep !
Soft may the worms about her creep !
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold,—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,

Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals,—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone,—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.





THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

This poem grew out of some previous lines entitled "The Valley Nis."

ONCE it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless,—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind these clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye,—

Over the lilies there that wave
And weep about a nameless grave !
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops,
They weep :—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.





A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow:
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream.
Yet if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less *gone*?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand;
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep,—while I weep!
Oh, God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh, God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream!



DREAM-LAND.

These singularly elegant verses are full of floating reminiscences of previous writings from his own pen.

BY a route obscure and lonely,
 Haunted by ill angels only,
Were an Ediolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly,
From an ultimate dim Thule,—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods.
With forms that no man can discover
From the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead,
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dread,—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,—
By the mountains—near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—
By the gray woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp,—
By the dismal tarns and pools,
Where dwell the Ghouls,—
By each spot the most unholy,—
In each nook most melancholy,—
There the traveler meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past,—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by,—
White-robed forms of friends long given
In agony, to the Earth,—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region,—
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveler, traveling through it,
May not—dare not—openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its Kings, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes

Beholds it but through darkened glasses.
By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.





TO ZANTE.

Written soon after 1827.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombed hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! Alas, that magical sad sound [more,—
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *no*
Thy memory *no more!* Accursed ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enameled shore,
Oh, hyacinthine isle! Oh, purple Zante!
“Isola d’oro! Fior di Levante!”





EULALIE.

This poem appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, in 1845. It is a very singular coincidence that this unusual name "Eulalie," is often repeated in a story which followed immediately after Albert Pike's "Isadore," in the *Mirror*. What is still more strange, is that Poe had not written any poetry for years, and yet in the July after the appearance of Pike's poem, he wrote "Eulalie"—which in many ways, closely resembles, if it does not imitate that Poem. For instance Pike wrote

"——— Thy face,
Which thou didst lovingly upturn with
Pure and trustful gaze."

While in Poe, we read,

Dear Eulalie, upturns her matron eyes."

While in both poems, the "gaze" is upturned to the moon. There are several minor points of likeness in the poems.

—
I DWELT alone

In a world of moan,

And my soul was a stagnant tide,

Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing
bride,—

Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my
smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night

Than the eyes of the radiant girl;
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded
curl,—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most
humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines bright and strong,
Astarte within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron
eye,—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet
eye.





“Gaily bedight,
A gallant Knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long.
Singing a song
In search of Eldorado.”



ELDORADO.

GAYLY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,—
This knight so bold,—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim Shadow.
"Shadow," said he,
"Where **can** it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,

Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The Shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"





ISRAFEL.*

This poem first appeared in a little volume of the poet's works, published in 1831.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell,
 “Whose heartstrings are a lute.”
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above,
 In her highest noon,
 The enamored moon
Blushes with love,—
 While, to listen, the red leven
 (With the rapid Pleiades, even,
 Which were seven,)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)

* And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God,—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song :
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest !
Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute :
Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour :
Our flowers are merely—flowers,

And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,—
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.





FOR ANNIE.

This was addressed to a lady, full of all virtues and gentleness—who had evinced a sister's affection for the poet and his household.

THANK Heaven! the crises—
The danger—is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last,—
And the fever called “Living
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composed
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.



"THANK HEAVEN, THE CRISIS, THE DANGER IS PAST."

The moaning and groaning—
The signing and sobbing—
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain,—
With the fever called “Living”
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst:—
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground,—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a difficult bed,—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses,—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor
Commingle with pansies,—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie,—

Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
And I rest so contentedly,
Now on my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,

For it sparkles with Annie,
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie,—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.





TO F——

BELOVED, amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path,—
(Drear path, alas ! where grows
Not even one lonely rose),—
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus my memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea,—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms,—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.





BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well ;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,—
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the churchyard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
“ Oh, I am happy now ! ”

And thus the words well spoken,
And this the plighted vow,

And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That *proves* me happy now

Would to God I could awaken !
For I dream I know not how ;
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.





TO ———.

This poem, as we now print it, appeared in the edition of 1829. The stanzas had been remodeled and excised afterward—but we deem it just, to give them as they originally came from the hand of the author. They, in their present form, are not only valuable from their poetic qualities, but they give us an insight into the author's feelings at that early period of his life.

OH! I care not that my earthly lot
Hath little of earth in it—
That years of love have been forgot
In the fever of a minute.

I heed not that the desolate
Are happier, sweet, than I—
But that *you* meddle with *my* fate,
Who am a passer-by

It is not that my founts of bliss
Are gushing—strange! with tears—
Or that the thrill of a single kiss
Hath palsied many years.

'Tis not that the flowers of twenty springs,
Which have withered as they rose,

Lie dead on my heartstrings
With the weight of an age of snows.

Tis not that the grass—oh! may it thrive!
On my grave is growing or grown—
But that, while I am dead, yet alive
I cannot be, lady, alone.





SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

These portions of a never-finished drama were written at intervals from 1831-6. Portions were published, from time to time, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The main interest of the drama is derived from its following, more or less closely, the incidents in the real tragedy involved in Beauchamp's murder of Sharp, Solicitor-General of Kentucky. No genius could add to the true horrors of that affair; but the poet evinced much dramatic capacity by seizing the most telling scenes.

I.

ROME.—A Hall in a Palace. Alessandra and Castiglione.

ALESSANDRA. Thou art sad, Castiglione.
Castiglione. Sad!—not I.

Oh, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome!
A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,
Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy! [ing
Aless. Methinks thou hast a singular way of show-
Thy happiness! What ails thee, cousin of mine?
Why didst thou sigh so deeply?

Cas. Did I sigh?

I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,
A silly—a most silly fashion I have
When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh? *(Sighing.)*

Aless. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou
hast indulged
Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.
Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these
Will ruin thee! Thou art already altered,
Thy looks are haggard: nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine.

Cas. (musing). Nothing, fair cousin, nothing,—
even deep sorrow,—
Wears it away like evil hours and wine.
I will amend.

Aless. Do it! I would have thee drop
Thy riotous company, too. Fellows low born
Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio's heir
And Alessandra's husband.

Cas. I will drop them. [more]

Aless. Thou wilt,—thou must. Attend thou also
To thy dress and equipage. They are over plain
For the lofty rank and fashion: much depends
Upon appearance.

Cas. I'll see to it.

Aless. Then see to it! Pay more attention, sir,
To a becoming carriage. Much thou wantest
In dignity.

Cas. Much, much: oh, much I want
In proper dignity.

Aless. (haughtily). Thou mockest me, sir!

Cas. (abstractedly). Sweet, little Lalage!

Aless. Heard I aright?

I speak to him,—he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! (*places her hand on his shoulder*) what
art thou dreaming?

He's not well! What ails thee, sir?

Cas. (starting). Cousin! fair cousin!—madam!
I crave thy pardon. Indeed, I am not well!
Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.
This air is most oppressive! Madam, the Duke!

(*Enter Di Broglio.*)

Di Broglio. My son, I've news for thee!
Hey! what's the matter? (*observing Alessandra.*)
L' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione! Kiss her,
You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute!
I've news for you both. Politian is expected
Hourly in Rome,—Politian, Earl of Leicester!
We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit
To the imperial city.

Aless. What! Politian,
Of Britian, Earl of Leicester?

Di Brog. The same, my love.
We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young
In years, but gray in fame. I have not seen him,
But Rumor speaks of him as of a prodigy,—
Pre-eminent in arts and arms, and wealth,
And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding.

Aless. I have heard much of this Politian.
Gay, volatile, and giddy,—is he not?
And little given to thinking.

Di Brog. Far from it, love.
No branch, they say, of all philosophy

So deep—abstruse—he has not mastered it.
Learned as few are learned.

Aless. 'Tis very strange!

I have known men who have seen Politian,
And sought his company. They speak of him
As of one who entered madly into life,
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

Cas. Ridiculous! Now *I* have seen Politian,
And know him well. Nor learned nor mirthful he:
He is a dreamer, and a man shut out
From common passions.

Di Brog. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream or did I hear
Politian was a *melancholy* man?

II.

ROME.—A Lady's Apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the background Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

Lalage. Jacinta! is it thou?

Jacinta (*pertly*). Yes, ma'am; I'm here.

Lal. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.
Sit down,—let not my presence trouble you:
Sit down,—for I am humble, most humble.

Jac. (*aside*). 'Tis time.

(*Jacinta seats herself in a sidelong manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.*)

Lal. "It in another climate, so he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"
(*Pauses,—turns over some leaves, and resumes.*)
"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower;
But Ocean, ever to refresh mankind,
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
Oh, beautiful!—most beautiful!—how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!
Oh, happy land! (*pauses*). She died!—the maiden
died!
Oh, still more happy maiden, who couldst die!
Jacinta!

(*Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.*)

Again!—a similar tale
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!
Thus speaking one Ferdinand, in the words of the
play:
"She died full young!" One Bossola answers him:
"I think not so: her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many." Ah, luckless lady!
Jacinta! (*Still no answer.*)

Here's a far sterner story:
But like—oh, very like, in its despair—
To that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
A thousand hearts,—losing at length her own.
She died. Thus endeth the history: and her maids
Lean over her and weep. Two gentle maids,
With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!
Rainbow and dove!—Jacinta!

Jac. (*pettishly*). Madam what is it?

Lal. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
As go down in the library and bring me
The Holy Evangelists ?

Jac. Pshaw ! (*Exit.*)

Lal. If there be balm
For the wounded spirit in Gilead, it is there !
Dew in the night-time of my bitter trouble
Will there be found : "dew sweeter far than that
Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill."

(*Re-enter Jacinta, and throws a volume on the table.*)

Jac. There, ma'am, 's the book ! (*Aside.*) Indeed, she's very troublesome.

Lal. (*astonished*). What didst thou say, Jacinta ?
Have I done ought
To grieve thee or to vex thee ? I am sorry ;
For thou hast served me long, and ever been
Trustworthy and respectful. (*Resumes her reading.*)

Jac. (*aside*). I can't believe
She has any more jewels ! No, no ! She gave me all !

Lal. What didst thou say, Jacinta ? Now I be
think me,
Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fare's good Ugo ?—and when is it to be ?
Can I do aught ? Is there no further aid
Thou needest, Jacinta ?

Jac. (*aside*). Is there no further aid !
That's meant for me. I'm sure, madam, you need not
Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

Lal. Jewels, Jacinta ! Now, indeed, Jacinta.
I thought not of the jewels.

Jac. Oh, perhaps not!

But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you:
And at the best I'm certain, madam, you can not
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn it.

(Exit.)

*(Lalage bursts into tears, and leans her head upon the table.
After a short pause raises it.)*

Lal. Poor Lalage! And is it come to this!
Thy servant-maid! But courage!—'tis but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!

(Taking up the mirror.)

Ha! here at least's a friend!—too much a friend
In earlier days!—a friend will not deceive me.
Fair mirror and true now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not,
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me:
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And Beauty long deceased;—remembers me
Of Joy long departed;—Hope, the Seraph Hope,
Inurned and intombed! Now, in a tone
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning [not!
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true! thou liest
Thou hast no end to gain,—no heart to break!
Castiglione lied, who said he loved!—
Thou true,—he false!—false!—false!

*(While she speaks, a monk enters her apartment,
and approaches unobserved.)*

Monk. Refuge thou hast,
Sweet daughter, in Heaven. Think of eternal things!
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

Lal. (*arising hurriedly*). I can not pray! My
soul is at war with God!

The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses! Go!—I can not pray!
The sweet airs from the garden worry me!
Thy presence grieves me! Go! Thy priestly raiment
Fills me with dread! Thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe!

Monk. Think of thy precious soul!

Lal. Think of my early days! Think of my father
And mother in Heaven! Think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door!
Think of my little sisters!—think of them!
And think of me! Think of my trusting love
And confidence!—his vows—my ruin—think—think
Of my unspeakable misery!—Begone!
Yet stay! yet stay!—what wast thou saidst of prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith,
And vows before the throne?

Monk. I did.

Lal. 'Tis well.

There is a vow were fitting should be made,—
A sacred vow, imperative and urgent,—
A solemn vow!

Monk. Daughter, this zeal is well!

Lal. Father, this zeal is anything but well!
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?

A crucifix whereon to register
This sacred vow ? (*He hands her his own.*)
Not that ! Oh, no !—no !—no ! (*Shuddering.*)
Not that ! Not that ! I tell thee, holy man,
Thy raiment and thy ebony cross affright me !
Stand back ! I have a crucifix myself !
I have a crucifix ! Methinks 'twere fitting
The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—
And the deed's register—should tally, father !
(*Draws a cross-handled dagger, and raises it on high.*)
Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
Is written in Heaven !

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter,
And speak a purpose unholy. Thy lips are livid,—
Thine eyes are wild ! Tempt not the wrath divine !
Pause ere too late ! Oh, be not— be not rash !
Swear not the oath,—oh, swear it not !

Lal. 'Tis sworn !

III.

An apartment in a Palace. Politian and Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. Arouse thee, now, Politian !
Thou must not—nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
Give way unto these humors. Be thyself !
Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
And live, for now thou diest !

Politian. Not so, Baldazzar !
Surely I live.

Bal. Politian, it doth grieve me
To see thee thus.

Pol. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me
To give thee cause for grief, my honored friend.
Command me, sir! What wouldst thou have me do?
At thy behest I will shake off that nature
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,—
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,—
And be no more Politian, but some other.
Command me, sir!

Bal. To the field, then!—to the field!
To the senate or the field.

Pol. Alas! alas!
There is an imp would follow me even there!
There is an imp *hath* followed me even there!
There is —— what voice was that?

Bal. I heard it not.
I heard not any voice except thine own,
And the echo of thine own.

Pol. Then I but dreamed.

Bal. Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp—
the court!—
Befit thee. Fame awaits thee! Glory calls!
And hark the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear,
In hearkening to imaginary sounds
And phantom voices.

Pol. It is a phantom voice!
Didst thou not hear it *then*?

Bal. I heard it not.

Pol. Thou heardst it not! Baldazzar, speak no
more
To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts

Oh, I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth ! Bear with me yet awhile !
We have been boys together,—school-fellows,—
And now are friends,—yet shall not be so long :
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me
A kind and gentle office, and a Power—
A Power august, benignant, and supreme—
Shall then absolve thee of all further duties
Unto thy friend.

Bal. Thou speakest a fearful riddle
I *will* not understand.

Pol. Yet now as Fate
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas ! alas !
I *can not* die, having within my heart
So keen a relish for the beautiful
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air
Is balmier now than it was wont to be.
Rich melodies are floating in the winds ;
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth ;
And with a holier luster the quiet moon
Sitteth in heaven. Hist ! hist ! thou *canst* not say
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar !

Bal. Indeed, I hear not.

Pol. Not hear it ? Listen, now !—listen !—the
faintest sound,
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard !
A lady's voice !—and sorrow in the tone !

Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell !
Again !—again !—how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts ! That eloquent voice
Surely I never heard : yet it were well
Had I *but* heard it, with its thrilling tones,
In earlier days ?

Bal. I myself hear it now
Be still ! The voice, if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice,—which you may see
Very plainly through the window. It belongs,
Does it not, unto this palace of the Duke ?
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his Excellency ; and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spake
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.

Pol. Be still ! It comes again !

Voice " And is thy heart so strong
(*very faintly*). As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among ?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?

Say nay !—say nay ! "

Bal. The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England,—never so plaintively :
Hist ! hist !—it comes again !

Voice " Is it so strong
(*more loudly*). As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,

In wealth and woe among ?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?

Say nay !—say nay ! ”

Bal. 'Tis hushed, and all is still !

Pol. All *is not* still.

Bal. Let us go down.

Pol. Go down, Baldazzar, go !

Bal. The hour is growing late. The Duke
awaits us :

Thy presence is expected in the hall

Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian ?

Voice “ Who hast loved thee so long,
(*distinctly*). In wealth and woe among,
And is thy heart so strong ?

Say nay !—say nay ! ”

Bal. Let us descend !—'tis time ! Politian, give
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,
Your bearing lately savored much of rudeness
Unto the Duke. Arouse thee ! and remember !

Pol. Remember ? I do. Lead on ! I *do* re-
member. (*Going.*)

Let us descend. Believe me, I would give—
Freely would give—the broad lands of my earldom
To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice.
“ To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
Once more that silent tongue.”

Bal. Let me beg you, sir,
Descend with me : the Duke may be offended.
Let us go down, I pray you.

Voice (loudly). Say nay!—Say nay!

Pol. (aside). 'Tis strange!—'tis very strange!
Methought the voice
Chimed in with my desires, and bade me stay.

(Approaching the window.)

Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay..
Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,
Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make
Apology unto the Duke for me:
I go not down to-night.

Bal. Your lordship's pleasure.
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.

Pol. Good-night, my friend, good night.

IV.

The gardens of a Palace—Moonlight. Lalage and Politian.

Lalage. And dost thou speak of love
To me, Politian? Dost thou speak of love
To Lalage? Ah, woe!—ah, woe is me!
This mockery is most cruel!—most cruel, indeed!

Politian. Weep not! Oh, sob not thus! Thy
bitter tears

Will madden me. Oh, mourn not, Lalage!
Be comforted! I know—I know it all,—
And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
And beautiful Lalage! Turn here thine eyes!
Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen
Thou askest me that; and thus I answer thee,—

Thus on my bended knee I answer thee.

eeling.)

Sweet Lalage, *I love thee—love thee—love thee* ;
Through good and ill—through weal and woe—I
love thee.

Not mother, with her first-born on her knee,
Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for *thee*. And do I love ?

(Arising.)

Even for thy woes I love thee!—even for thy woes!—
Thy beauty and thy woes.

Lal. Alas, proud Earl,
And dost forget thyself, remembering me !
How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonored Lalage abide ?
Thy wife, and with a tainted memory ?
My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
With the ancestral honors of thy house,
And with thy glory ?

Pol. Speak not to me of glory !
I hate—I loathe the name ! I do abhor
The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage and I Politian ?
Do I not love ? Art thou not beautiful ?
What need we more ? Ha ! glory ! Now speak not
of it !
By all I hold most sacred and most solemn,—

By all my wishes now,—my fears hereafter,—
By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven,—
There is no deed I would more glory in
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory,
And trample it under foot. What matters it—
What matters it, my fairest and my best,
That we go down unhonored and forgotten
Into the dust,—so we descend together?
Descend together, and then—and then, perchance,—

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And then, perchance,
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwelling of the blest,
And still ——

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And still *together—together*.

Lal. Now, Earl of Leicester,
Thou *lovest* me! And in my heart of hearts
I feel thou lovest me truly.

Pol. Oh, Lalage! (*Throwing himself upon his knee.*)
And lovest thou *me*?

Lal. Hist! hush! Within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure passed,—
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless,—
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noise-
less. (*Walks across and returns.*)

I was mistaken: 'twas but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

Pol. My Lalage—my love! why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self,

Far less a shadow, which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night
wind
Is chilly,—and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

Lal. Politian!

Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy,—a land new
found,—

Miraculously found by one of Genoa,—
A thousand leagues within the golden west?
A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,
And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the
winds

Of Heaven untrammelled flow,—with air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter,
In days that are to come?

Pol. Oh, wilt thou—wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise? My Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine; for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes; and thou shalt be
No more a mourner, but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee; and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,—
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all! Oh, wilt thou—wilt thou, Lalage,

Fly thither with me ?

Lal. A deed is to be done :

Castiglione lives !

Pol. And he shall die ! (*Exit.*)

Lal. (*after a pause*). And—he—shall—die !—
 Alas ! Castiglione die ! Who spoke the words ?
 Where am I ? What was it he said ? Politian !
 Thou *art* not gone !—thou are not *gone*, Politian !
 I *feel* thou art not gone,—yet dare not look,
 Lest I behold thee not ! Thou *couldst* not go
 With those words upon thy lips ! Oh, speak to me !
 And let me hear thy voice !—one word—one word
 To say thou art not gone !—one little sentence
 To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate
 My womanly weakness ! Ha ! ha ! thou *art* not gone !
 Oh, speak to me ! I *knew* thou wouldst not go !
 I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst* not go !
 Villain, thou *art* not gone ! Thou mockest me !
 And thus I clutch thee—thus !——He is gone !—
 he is gone !—

Gone,—gone ! Where am I ? 'Tis well !—'tis very
 well !

So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure !

'Tis well !—'tis *very* well ! Alas ! alas !

V.

The suburbs. Politian alone.

Politian. This weakness grows upon me. I am
 faint,

And much I fear me ill. It will not do

To die ere I have lived! Stay—stay thy hand,
Oh, Azrael, yet a while! Prince of the Powers
Of Darkness and the Tomb, oh pity me!
Oh, pity me? Let me not perish now
In the budding of my Paradisal Hope!
Give me to live yet—yet a little while.
'Tis I who pray for life!—I who so late
Demanded but to die! What sayest the Count?

Enter Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. That knowing no cause of quarrel or
feud

Between the Earl Politian and himself,
He doth decline your cartel.

Pol. What didst thou say?

What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?
With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes
Laden from yonder bowers! A fairer day,
Or one more worthy Italy, methinks
No mortal eyes have seen! What said the Count?

Bal. That he, Castiglione, not being aware
Of any feud existing, or any cause
Of quarrel between your lordship and himself,
Can not accept the challenge.

Pol. It is most true!

All this is very true. When saw you, sir,—
When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid
Ungential Britain, which we left so lately,
A heaven so calm as this?—so utterly free
From the evil taint of clouds? And he did say?

Bal. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir.

The Count Castiglione will not fight,
Having no cause of quarrel.

Pol. Now this is true :

All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,
And I have not forgotten it. 'Thou't do me
A piece of service. Wilt thou go back and say
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,
Hold him a villain ? Thus much, I prythee, say
Unto the Count. It is exceeding just
He should have cause for quarrel.

Bal. My lord!—my friend!—

Pol. (aside). 'Tis he ! He comes himself !

(Aloud). Thou reasonest well. [sage.]

I know what thou wouldst say,—not sent the mes-
Well, I will think of it : I will not send it !
Now, prithee, leave me. Hither doth come a person
With whom affairs of a most private nature
I would adjust.

Bal. I go. To-morrow we meet,
Do we not, at the Vatican ?

Pol. At the Vatican. *(Exit Bal.)*

(Enter Castiglione.)

Castiglione. The Earl of Leicester here ?

Pol. I am the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,
Dost thou not, that I am here.

Cas. My lord, some strange—
Some singular mistake—misunderstanding—
Hath without doubt arisen. Thou hast been urged
Thereby, in heat of anger, to address
Some words most unaccountable, in writing,

To me, Castiglione,—the bearer being
Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware
Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing
Having given thee no offence. Ha! am I right?
'Twas a mistake, undoubtedly. We all
Do err at times.

Pol. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

Cas. Ha! draw! and villain!

Have at thee, then, at once, proud Earl! (*Draws.*)

Pol. (*drawing*). Thus to the expiatory tomb,
Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee,
In the name of Lalage!

Cas. (*letting fall his sword, and recoiling to the extremity of
the stage.*)

Of Lalage!

Hold off—thy sacred hand! Avaunt, I say!

Avaunt! I will not fight thee! Indeed, I dare not,

Pol. Thou wilt not fight with me, didst say, Sir
Count?

Shall I be baffled thus? Now, this is well!

Didst say thou *darest* not? Ha!

Cas. I dare not!—dare not!

Hold off thy hand! With that beloved name

So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee!

I can not!—dare not!

Pol. Now, by my halidom,
I do believe thee! Coward, I do believe thee!

Cas. Ha!—coward! This may not be!

(*Clutches his sword, and staggers toward Politian, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl.*)

Alas ! alas ! my lord, it is—it is—most true !
In such a cause I am the veriest coward. Oh, pity me !

Pol. (greatly softened). Alas ! I do ! Indeed, I
pity thee !

Cas. And Lalage ——

Pol. Scoundrel ! *Arise, and die !*

Cas. It needeth not be—thus—thus—oh, let
me die

Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
That in this deep humiliation I perish.
For in the fight I will not raise a hand
Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home !
(Baring his bosom.)

Here is no let or hinderance to thy weapon !
Strike home ! I *will* not fight thee !

Pol. Now 's Death and Hell !

Am I not—am I not sorely—greviously tempted
To take thee at thy word ? But mark me, sir :
Think not to fly me thus ! Do thou prepare
For public insult in the streets, before
The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee,—
'Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee
Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest—
Before all Rome I'll taunt thee, villain !—I'll taunt
thee, [me ?
Dost hear ? with *cowardice* ! Thou *wilt not* fight
Thou liest ! Thou *shalt* ! *(Exit.)*

Cas. Now, this deed is just !

Most righteous. and most just, avenging Heaven.



Poems Written in Youth,*

SONNET.—TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! True daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

* Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*, without alteration from the original edition, the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

E. A. P



AL AARAAF.*

This poem first appeared in a small volume issue by the poet at Baltimore in 1829. The place "Al Aaraaf," is designated by the Mohammedans, as an abode wherein a mild system of purgatory is instituted for the benefit of those, who, though too good for hell, are not fitted for heaven—

"Apart from heaven's eternity—and yet how far from hell!"

This poem of "Al Aaraaf," abounds in happy and melodious passages, and has never yet received its due meed of praise; some portions of the lyrical intermedial chant are exquisitely and musically onomatopoeial in construction

PART I.

OH, nothing earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassy—
Oh, nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill—
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed
That like the murmur in the shell,

*A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared suddenly in the heavens; attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter; then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

Its echo dwelleth and will dwell—
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours—
Yet all the Beauty—all the flowers
That list our Love, and deck our bowers
Adorn yon world afar, afar
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace—for they
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns—a temporary rest—
An oasis in desert of the blest.
Away—away—'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendor o'er the unchained soul—
The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
Can struggle to its destin'd eminence—
To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,
And late to ours, the favor'd one of God,
But now the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
She throws aside the sceptre—leaves the helm,
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,
(Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)
She look'd into Infinity—and knelt.
Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled—
Fit emblems of the model of her world—

Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight
 Of other beauty glittering thro' the light—
 A wreath that twined each starry form around.
 And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
 Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head
 On the fair Capo Deucato,* and sprang
 So eagerly around about to hang
 Upon the flying footsteps of—deep pride—
 Of her who lov'd a mortal—and so died.†
 The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
 Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees:
 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd‡—
 Innate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd
 All other loveliness: its honied dew
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
 Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
 In Trebizond—and on a sunny flower
 So like its own above, that to this hour
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee
 With madness, and unwonted reverie:
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf
 And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief
 Disconsolate linger,—grief that hangs her head

*On Santa Maura—olim Deucadia.

† Sappho.

‡ This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort.
 The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.

Repenting follies that full long have fled,
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair :
 Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night :
 And Clytia * pondering between many a sun,
 While pettish tears adown her petals run :
 And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,†
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
 Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king :
 And Valesnerian lotus ‡ thither flown
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone :
 And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante ! §
 Isola d'oro ! Fior di Levante !
 And the Nelumbo bud || that floats forever

* Clytia,—the *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*, or, to employ a better known term, the Turnsol,—which turns continually toward the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.—*B. de St. Pierre*.

† There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odor of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till toward the month of July. You then perceive it gradually open its petals, expand them, fade, and die.—*St. Pierre*.

‡ There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet, thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

§ The hyacinth.

|| It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges, and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

With Indian Cupid down the holy river—
 Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given
 To bear the Goddess' song in odors up to
 Heaven: *

‘ Spirit! that dwellest where,
 In the deep sky,
 The terrible and fair,
 In beauty vie!
 Beyond the line of blue—
 The boundary of the star
 Which turneth at the view
 Of thy barrier and thy bar—
 Of the barrier overgone
 By the comets who were cast
 From their pride and from their throne,
 To be drudges till the last—
 To be carriers of fire
 (The red fire of their heart)
 With speed that may not tire
 And with pain that shall not part—
 Who livest—*that* we know—
 In Eternity—we feel—
 But the shadow of whose brow
 What spirit shall reveal?
 Thro' the beings whom thy Nesace,
 Thy messenger hath known
 Have dream'd for thy Infinity

* And golden vials, full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints.—*Rev. St. John.*

A model of their own.*
 Thy will is done, oh God!
 The star hath ridden high
 Thro' many a tempest, but she rode
 Beneath thy burning eye;
 And here, in thought, to thee—
 In thought that can alone
 Ascend thy empire, and so be
 A partner of thy throne—
 By winged Fantasy,†
 My embassy is given,
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be

* The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—*Vide Clarke's Sermons*, vol. i, p. 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church.—*Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine*.

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian, of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites.—*Vide Du Pin*.

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:—

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus?
 Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus exemplar Dei.

And afterwards:—

Non cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, etc.

† Seltsamen Tochter Jovis
 Seinem Schosskinde
 Der Phantasie.—*Goethe*.

In the environs of Heaven.”
 She ceased: and buried then her burning cheek
 Abash’d amid the lilies there, to seek
 A shelter from the fervor of His eye;
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.
 She stirr’d not—breath’d not—for a voice was
 there
 How solemnly pervading the calm air!
 A sound of silence on the startled ear
 Which dreamy poets name “the music of the
 sphere.”
 Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call
 “Silence,”—which is the merest word of all.
 All Nature speaks, and ev’n ideal things
 Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings:
 But ah! why not so when, thus, in realms on
 high
 The eternal voice of God is passing by,
 And the red winds are withering in the sky!

“What tho’ in worlds which sightless* cycles
 run,
 Link’d to a little system, and one sun—
 Where all my love is folly, and the crowd
 Still think my terrors but the thunder-cloud,
 The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean wrath
 (Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)
 What tho’ in worlds which own a single sun

* Sightless—too small to be seen.—*Legge*.

The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
 Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
 To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven,
 Leave tenantless the crystal home, and fly,
 With all thy train, athwart the moony sky—
 Apart—like fireflies* in Sicilian night,
 And wing to other worlds another light!
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
 To the proud orbs that twinkle—and so be
 To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban
 Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
 The single-mooned eve!—on Earth we plight
 Our faith to one love—and one moon adore—
 The birthplace of young Beauty had no more.
 As sprang that yellow star from downy hours,
 Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
 And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain
 Her way, but left not yet her Therasæan† reign.

PART II.

High on a mountain of enamel'd head—
 Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed

* I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fireflies. They will collect into a body and fly off, from a common center, into innumerable radii.

† Therasæa, or Therasea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees
With many a mutter'd "hope to be forgiven"
What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven—
Of rosy herd, that towering far away
Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray
Of sunken suns at eve—at noon of night,
While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger
light—

Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
Of molten stars* their pavement, such as fall
Thro' the ebon air besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution, while they die—
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,
Sat gently on these columns as a crown—
A window of one circular diamond, there,
Look'd out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing.
But on the pillars seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world ; that grayish green

* Some star, which, from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus, by mischance did fall.—*Milton*.

That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave
 Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave—
 And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
 That from his marble dwelling peered out,
 Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche—
 Achaian statues in the world so rich ?
 Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis,*—
 From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
 Of beautiful Gomorrah !† Oh, the wave
 Is now upon thee—but too late to save !

Sound loves to revel in a summer night :
 Witness the murmur of the gray twilight
 That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,‡
 Of many a wild star-gazer long ago—
 That stealeth ever on the ear of him
 Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,
 And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—

* Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says : “ Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines—mais un palais erige au pied d'une chaine des rochers sterils—peut il etre un chef d'œuvre des arts ! ”

† “ Oh, the wave ”—Ula Deguisi, is the Turkish appellation ; but on its shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the “ Dead Sea.” In the valley of Siddam were five—Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom, and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen (engulfed)—but the last is out of all reason.

It is said [Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux] that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, etc., are seen above the surface. At *any* season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the “ Asphaltites.”

‡ Eyraco—Chaldea.

Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and
loud ? *

But what is this ? It cometh, and it brings
A music with it ; 'tis the rush of wings.
A pause—and then a sweeping, falling strain,
And Nesace is in her halls again.
From the wild energy of wanton haste
Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart ;
And zone that clung around her gentle waist
Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
Within the center of that hall to breathe,
She paus'd and panted, Zanthé ! all beneath,
The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair,
And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there !

Young flowers† were whispering in melody
To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree ;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell ;
Yet silence came upon material things—
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel wings,
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang :—

“'Neath bluebell or streamer,
Or tufted wild spray,

* I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

† Fairies use flowers for their charactery.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

That keeps from the dreamer
The moonbeam away :*—
Bright beings that ponder,
With half-closing eyes,
On the stars which your wonder
Hath drawn from the skies,
'Till they glance thro' the shade, and
Come down to your brow
Like eyes of the maiden
Who calls on you now,—
Arise from your dreaming
In violet bowers,
To duty beseeching
These star-litten hours,—
And shake from your tresses
Encumber'd with dew
The breath of those kisses
That cumber them too—
(Oh, how, without you, Love,
Could angels be blest ?)
Those kisses of true love
That hilt'd ye to rest !
Up ! shake from your wing
Each hindering thing :
The dew of the night—
It would weigh down your flight ;

* In Scripture is this passage : " The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night." It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

And true love caresses—
Oh, leave them apart !
They are light on the tresses,
But lead on the heart.
Ligeia ! Ligeia !
My beautiful one !
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
Oh, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss ?
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,*
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there ?

“ Ligeia ! wherever
Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
In a dreamy sleep,
But the strains still arise
Which *thy* vigilance keep—
The sound of the rain
Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again

* The albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

In the rhythm of the shower—
 The murmur that springs*
 From the growing of grass
 Are the music of things—
 But are model'd, alas !
 Away, then, my dearest,
 Oh, hie thee away
 To springs that lie clearest
 Beneath the moon-ray,—
 To lone lake that smiles
 In its dream of deep rest,
 At the many star-isles
 That enjewel its breast,—
 Where wild flowers, creeping,
 Have mingled their shade
 On its margin is sleeping
 Full many a maid :
 Some have left the cool shade, and
 Have slept with the bee,†—

* I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain, and quote from memory : " The verie essence, and, as it were, springe-heade and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasante sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."

† The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir Walter Scott, or rather from Claude Halero,—in whose mouth I admired its effect :—

" Oh, were there an island,
 Though ever so wild,
 Where woman might smile, and
 No man be beguill'd."

Arouse them, my maiden,
 On moorland and lea,—
 Go, breathe on their slumber,
 All softly in ear,—
 The musical number
 They slumber'd to hear,—
 For what can awaken
 An angel so soon,
 Whose sleep hath been taken
 Beneath the cold moon,
 As the spell which no slumber
 Of witchery may test,
 The rhythmical number
 Which lull'd him to rest ?”

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean through,
 Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight,
 Seraphs in all but “Knowledge,” the keen light
 That fell, refracted, through thy bounds, afar
 Oh, Death ! from eye of God upon that star :
 Sweet was that error—sweeter still that death,—
 Sweet was that error—ev'n with *us* the breath
 Of Science dims the mirror of our joy,—
 To them 'twere the Simoon, and would destroy,—
 For what (to them) availeth it to know
 That Truth is Falsehood, or that Bliss is Woe ?
 Sweet was their death : with them to die was rife
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life ;—
 Beyond that death no immortality,—

But sleep that pondereth, and is not "to be."
 And there, oh may my weary spirit dwell,
 Apart from Heaven's Eternity,—and yet how far
 from Hell!*

With guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?
 But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
 A maiden angel and her seraph lover—
 Oh, where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?
 Unguided Love hath fallen—'mid "tears of perfect
 moan."†

He was a goodly spirit—he who fell:
 A wanderer by mossy-mantled well,—
 A gazer on the lights that shine above,—
 A dreamer on the moonbeam by his love!
 What wonder? for each star is eyelike there,

* With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

Un no rompido sueno—

Un dia puro—allegre—libre

Quiera—

Libre de amor—de zelo—

De odio—de esperanza—de rezelo.—*Luis Ponce de Leon.*

Sorrow is not excluded from "Al Aaraaf," but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures,—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of "Al Aaraaf" as the residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

† There be tears of perfect moan,
 Wept for thee in Helicon.—*Milton.*



'DEATH THE WHILE STOLE O'ER MY SENSES IN THAT
LOVELY ISLE."

And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair;
And they, and every mossy spring were holy
To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
The night had found (to him a night of woe)
Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo,—
Beetling, it bends athwart the solemn sky,
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
Here sat he with his love,—his dark eye bent
With eagle gaze along the firmament:
Now turn'd it upon her,—but even then
It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

“Ianthe, dearest, see, how dim that ray!
How lovely 'tis to look so far away!
She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve
I left her gorgeous halls,—nor mourned to leave.
That eve—that eve—I should remember well—
The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell
On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall
Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall—
And on my eyelids—oh, the heavy light!
How drowsily it weigh'd them into night!
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:
But oh, that light!—I slumber'd—Death, the while,
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle
So softly that no single silken hair
Awoke that slept,—or knew that he was there.

“The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon

Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon.*
 More beauty clung around her column'd wall
 Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,†
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral,
 Thence sprang I; as the eagle from his tower,
 And years I left behind me in an hour.
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung
 One half the garden of her globe was flung
 Unrolling as a chant unto my view
 Tenantless cities of the desert, too!
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me, then,
 And half I wish'd to be again of men."

"My Angelo! and why of them to be?
 A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee;
 And greener fields than in your world above,
 And woman's loveliness—and passionate love."
 "But, list, Ianthe! when the air so soft
 Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,‡
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy; but the world
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd,—
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,
 And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.
 Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar,
 And fell,—not swiftly as I rose before,

* It was entire in 1687,—the most elevated spot in Athens.

† Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.

—*Marlowe.*

‡ Pennon—for pinion.—*Milton.*

But with a downward, tremulous motion, through
Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto !
Nor long the measure of my falling hours :
For nearest of all stars was thine to ours,—
Dread star ! that came, amid a night of mirth,
A red Dædalion on the timid Earth.

“ We came,—and by thy Earth ; but not to us
Be given our lady’s bidding to discuss :
We came, by love ; around, above, below,
Gay firefly of the night we come and go,
Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
She grants to us, as granted by her God.
But, Angelo, than thine gray Time unfurl’d
Never his fairy wing o’er fairer world !
Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
Headlong thitherward o’er the starry sea ;
But when its glory swell’d upon the sky,
As glowing Beauty’s bust beneath man’s eye,
We paus’d before the heritage of men,
And thy star trembled,—as doth Beauty then !”
Thus, in discourse, the lovers whil’d away [day.
The night that waned and waned and brought no
They fell : for Heaven to them no hope imparts
Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.



TO THE RIVER ———

FAIR river ! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful mazziness of art
In old Alberto's daughter ;

But when within thy wave she looks,
Which glistens then, and trembles,—
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
Her worshiper resembles ;
For in his heart, as in thy stream,
Her image deeply lies,—
His heart which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes.





TAMERLANE.

This poem was originally published in 1827, and gave the title to his first printed volume.

KIND solace in a dying hour!
Such, father, is not (now) my theme:
I will not madly deem that power
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revel'd in.
I have no time to dote or dream:
You call it hope—that fire of fire!
It is but agony of desire!
If I *can* hope—oh, God! I can:
Its fount is holier—more divine—
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.
Oh, yearning heart! I did inherit
Thy withering portion with the fame,
The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the jewels of my throne,
Halo of Hell! and with a pain
Not Hell shall make me fear again!

Oh, craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours !
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon my emptiness—a knell.

I have not always been as now :
The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claim'd and won usurpingly.
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
Rome to Cæsar—this to me ?
The heritage of a kingly mind,
And a proud spirit which hath striven
Triumphantly with human kind.
On mountain soil I first drew life :
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dew upon my head ;
And, I believe, the winged strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven—that dew—it fell
(Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of Hell,
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung like banners o'er
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy :
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar

Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice—
My own voice, silly child!—was swelling
(Oh, how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry)
The battle-cry of Victory!

The rain came down upon my head
Unshelter'd; and the heavy wind
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me: and the rush—
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush.
Of empires—with the captive's prayer—
The hum of suitors—and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
Usurp'd a tyranny which men
Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,
My innate nature: be it so.
But father, there liv'd one who, then,
Then—in my boyhood—when their fire
Burn'd with a still intenser glow
(For passion must, with youth expire)
E'en *then* who knew this iron heart
In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words, alas! to tell

The loveliness of loving well !
Nor would I now attempt to trace
The more than beauty of a face
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,
Are—shadows on th' unstable wind.
Thus I remember having dwelt
Some page of early lore upon,
With loitering eye, till I have felt
The letters—with their meaning—melt
To fantasies—with none.

Oh, she was worthy of all love !
Love, as in infancy was mine !
'Twas such as angel minds above
Might envy ; her young heart the shrine
On which my every hope and thought
Were incense,—then a goodly gift,
For they were childish and upright,—
Pure,—as her young example taught :
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
Trust to the fire within for light ?

We grew in age—and love—together—
Roaming the forest and the wild ;
My breast her shield in wintry weather,
And when the friendly sunshine smil'd
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no Heaven—but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is—the heart :

For 'mid that sunshine, and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears;
There was no need to speak the rest,—
No need to quiet any fears
Of her,—who ask'd no reason why,
But turn'd on me her quiet eye !

Yet *more* than worthy of the love
My spirit struggled with, and strove,
When, on the mountain-peak, alone,
Ambition lent it a new tone,—
I had no being but in thee.

The world, and all it did contain
In the earth—the air—the sea—
Its joy—its little lot of pain
That was new pleasure,—the ideal
Dim vanities of dreams by night,
And dimmer nothings which were real,—
(Shadows, and a more shadowy light !)
Parted upon their misty wings,
And so, confusedly, became
Thine image and—a name !—
Two separate yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious. Have you known
The passion, father ? You have not !
A cottager, I mark'd a throne

Of half the world as all my own,
And murmur'd at such lowly lot.
But, just like any other dream,
Upon the vapor of the dew
My own had past, did not the beam
Of beauty which did while it through
The minute—the hour—the day—oppress
My mind had double loveliness.

We walk'd together on the crown
Of a high mountain that look'd down
Afar from its proud natural towers
Of rock and forest, on the hills,—
The dwindled hills!—begirt with bowers,
And spouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
But mystically,—in such guise
That she might deem it naught beside
The moment's converse. In her eyes
I read, perhaps too carelessly,
A mingled feeling with my own.
The flush on her bright cheek, to me
Seem'd to become a queenly throne
Too well that I should let it be
Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then,
And donn'd a visionary crown:
Yet it was not that Fantasy
Had thrown her mantle over me;

But that, among the rabble—men,
Lion ambition is chain'd down,
And crouches to a keeper's hand:
Not so in deserts, where the grand—
The wild—the terrible—conspire
With their own breath to fan his fire.

Look round thee now on Samarcand!
Is she not queen of Earth? Her pride
Above all cities? In her hand
Their destinies? In all beside
Of glory which the world hath known
Stands she not nobly and alone?
Falling,—her veriest stepping-stone
Shall form the pedestal of a throne!
And who her sovereign? Timour,—he
Whom the astonish'd people saw
Striding o'er empires haughtily,—
A diadem'd outlaw!

Oh, human love! Thou spirit given,
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!
Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!
Idea which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound
And beauty of so wild a birth,—
Farewell! for I have won the Earth!

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could see
No cliff beyond him in the sky,
His pinions were bent droopingly,
And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye.
'Twas sunset: when the sun will part
There comes a sullenness of heart
To him who still would look upon
The glory of the summer sun.
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist,
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits harken) as one
Who, in a dream of night, *would* fly,
But *can not*, from a danger nigh.

What though the moon—the white moon—
Shed all the splendor of her noon,
Her smile is chilly, and *her* beam,
In that time of dreariness, will seem
(So like you gather in your breath)
A portrait taken after death.
And boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one.
For all we live to know is known,
And all we seek to keep hath flown:
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noonday beauty,—which is all.

I reach'd my home—my home no more!
For all had flown who made it so.

I pass'd from out its mossy door,
And, though my tread was soft and low,
A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known:
Oh, I defy thee, Hell, to show
On beds of fire that burn below,
A humbler heart—a deeper woe.

Father, I firmly do believe—
I *know*—for Death who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
Where there is nothing to deceive,
Hath left his iron gate ajar,
And rays of truth you can not see
Are flashing through Eternity,—
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path:
Else how, when in the holy grove,
I wandered, of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings
From the most unpolluted things,
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trellis'd rays from Heaven,
No more may shun—no tiniest fly—
The lightning of his eagle eye,—
How was it that Ambition crept,
Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till, growing bold, he laughed and leapt
In the tangles of Love's very hair?



FAIRY-LAND.

DIM vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over :
Huge moons there wax and wane,—
Again—again—again—
Every moment of the night,—
Forever changing places,—
And they put out the starlight
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial,
One more filmy than the rest
Comes down—still down—and down
With its center on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be :
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Over spirits on the wing—
Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite

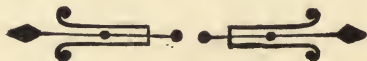
In a labyrinth of light ;
And then, how deep !—oh, deep
Is the passion of their sleep.
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like—almost anything—
Or a yellow albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before,—
Videlicet, a tent,
Which I think extravagant :
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies
Of Earth who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never-contented things !)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.





TO L. M. S——.

OF all who hail thy presence as the morning,—
Of all to whom thine absence is the night,—
The blotting utterly from out high heaven
The sacred sun,—of all who, weeping, bless thee
Hourly for hope—for life—ah ! above all,
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith
In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity,—
Of all who, on Despair's unhallow'd bed
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
At thy soft-murmured words, " Let there be light !"
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes,—
Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship,—oh, remember
The truest—the most fervently devoted,
And think that these weak lines were written by
him,—
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel's.





ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, who love to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been a most familiar bird,—
Taught me my alphabet to say—
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
To shake the very heaven on High
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings—
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime,
Unless it trembled with the strings.



TO ———.

THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips—and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words.

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrin'd,
Then desolately fall,
Oh, God! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall.

Thy heart—*thy* heart—I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy—
Of the baubles that it may.





A DREAM.

This poem was published in the edition of 1827. The first four lines, as given here, were in that edition, but were subsequently omitted, for no obvious reason. We give it in its entirety.

A WILDERED spirit from my birth,
My spirit spurned control ;
But now abroad on the wide earth,
Where wanderest thou, my soul.

In visions of the dark night
I have dream'd of joy departed ;
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah, what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past ?

That holy dream—that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

What tho' that light, thro' storm and night,
So trembled from afar,—
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day star ?





THE LAKE.—TO ———

IN spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less,—
So lovely was the loveliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.
But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody,—
Then—ah, then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.
Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight,—
A feeling not the jeweled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define,—
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining,—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.



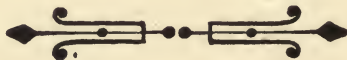
SONG.

I SAW thee on the bridal day,
When a burning blush came o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
(Whatever it might be)
Was all on Earth my aching sight
Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame,—
As such it well may pass,—
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee.





HYMN IN HONOR OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

This poem—which only appears tame by contrast with some of Poe's own poems—appeared in the edition of 1827. By some mischance they have failed to appear in any subsequent edition. The great Hymn has been translated again, and again, and still again; but few have given it as truthful and poetic a rendering. Some have fancied it one of the out-comes of Poe's Hellenic expedition—if that ever took place except in his fertile brain.

WREATHED in myrtle, my sword I'll conceal,
Like those champions, devoted and brave,
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,
And to Athens deliverance gave.

Beloved heroes, your deathless souls roam
In the joy-breathing isles of the blest;
Where the mighty of old have their home—
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

In fresh myrtles my blade I'll entwine
Like Harmodius, the gallant and good,
When he made at the tutelar shrine
A libation of tyranny's blood.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame—
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs !
Endless ages shall cherish your fame,
Embalmed in their echoing songs.





INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

In the edition of 1829 appeared a poetical "Introduction" of sixty-six lines, into which the Preface of 1829 had been expanded. From subsequent editions both of those articles were suppressed. We deem it right, that the admirers of the poet should have an opportunity of judging of the young writer's powers at that time. So we give some thirty lines of the "Introduction," which, by the way, is rich in autobiographical references :

SUCCCEEDING years, too wild for song,
Then rolled like tropic years along,
Where, through the garish lights that fly
Dying along the troubled sky,
Lay bare, through vistas thunder-riven,
The blackness of the general heaven,
That very blackness yet doth fling
Light on the lightning's silver-wing.

For being an idle boy lang syne,
Who read Anacreon and drank wine,
I early found Anacreon's rhymes
Were almost passionate sometimes—
And by strange alchymy of brain,
His pleasures always turned to pain—
His *naivete* to wild desire—
His wit to love—his wine to fire ;

And so, being young and dipt in folly
I fell in love with melancholly,
And used to throw my earthly rest
And quiet all away in jest.
I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath—
Or Hymen, Time and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

But *now* my soul hath too much room,—
Gone are the glory and the gloom ;
The black hath mellowed into gray,
And all the fires are fading away.

My draught of passion hath been deep—
I revelled—and I now would sleep—
And after drunkenness of soul
Succeed the glories of the bowl--
An idle longing night and day
To dream my very life away. * *





THE HAPPIEST DAY.

This poem appeared with "Tamerlane," in the Boston edition of 1827. As is the case with many of Poe's productions, it is strongly imbued with his personal feelings and recollections.

THE happiest day—the happiest hour—
My seared and blighted heart hath known;
The highest hope of pride and power.
I feel hath flown.

Of power? said I? Yes! such I ween;
But they have vanished long, alas!
But let them pass.

And pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may even inherit
The venom thou hast poured on me—
Be still, my spirit.

The happiest day—the happiest hour—
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen;
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel have been.

But were that hope of pride and power

Now offered with the pain,
 Ev'n *then* I felt—that brightest hour
 I could not live again :

For on its wing was dark alloy,
 And as it fluttered, fell
 An essence, powerful to destroy
 A soul that knew it well.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

These two stanzas appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Sept. 1835. They were addressed to Eliza White, the daughter of the proprietor of the Magazine. This gentleman died in 1847, and the young lady was several times a welcome visitor at the poet's house, at Fordham, in subsequent years.

—

ELIZA ! Let the generous heart
 From its present pathway part not;
 Bring every thing which now thou art,
 Be no thing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways—
 Thy unassuming beauty—
 And truth—shall be a theme of praise
 For ever—and love a duty.

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